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The Rotarian

CTOBER • 1948

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Talking It Over

LETTERS FROM
READERS OF THE ROTARIAN

Versified Safety Sermon

From C. C. CUNNINGHAM, Rotarian
Forestry Service

Seneca, Kansas

[Re: Robert C. Snyder's article in
THE ROTARIAN for September, *So You've
Had an Accident!*]

*If I had followed Me today
Perhaps tonight I'd had to say:
"As a rule
I'm not a fool."*

Dargie Delights

Declares JEAN P. HARRIS
Annbank, Scotland

I received the copy of the article written by Andrew Dargie [see *New Heart in the Highlands*, in THE ROTARIAN for September], and I must say that I was delighted with it. I gave the copy to several other people to read, and they felt the same about it. He might be a little too optimistic about the great developments in the North, but we sincerely hope he is right.

The reference to Angus Mitchell recalled happy memories, for both Paul



Jean Harris—now in Scotland. With her is her brother, Rev. J. Thomson.

and I spent many pleasant hours with Angus and his late wife in Australia. They also visited at our home, Comely Bank, in Chicago. Angus will make a great contribution as International President of Rotary.

Know the 'Third Force'?

Asks MEL CRAIN
Political Scientist
Los Angeles, California

Certainly the pro and con discussion of the United Nations veto problem in THE ROTARIAN for July was timely and vital. I wonder, though, how many readers have heard of the so-called "third force" proposal put forth by the American Association for the United Nations.

Essentially, the A. A. U. N. calls for the setting up of a collective security arrangement within the United Nations, without, however, disturbing the Charter. The idea is to implement the "collective self-defense" clause of Article 51 and thus bypass veto paralysis.

In an international convention interested members would agree to establish quotas of reserve military forces for col-

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lective use against armed attack from any quarter. These contingents, under a general staff, could be employed either by the Security Council or by the General Assembly. But, pending action by either of these organs, the general staff could act against the aggressor until the U. N. officially became "seized" of the dispute.

As usual, a gang of brutal facts is ready to murder such a scheme. Nationalism and national sovereignty, of course, were not legislated away at San Francisco in 1945. The people of the world—and therefore their Governments—have not yet progressed beyond the medium of power politics in international relations.

There is, then, no veto problem as such. It is the will, not the way, that is the most important in solving our problems. The A. A. U. N. report, as a proposal for discussion, recognizes this and seeks to stimulate public thinking, which after all is the real "third force" that will make the U. N. effective.

Tim-ber! Project Spreading

Says SHELBY ROBERT, Rotarian

Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, Agriculture and Forestry Department
Jackson, Tennessee

This is to thank you for the nice article *Tim-ber!* in the August issue of THE ROTARIAN. Various parties in Jackson and away from here have expressed appreciation of the fact that Rotary is giving recognition to the conservation of this important natural resource.

A similar project is in effect with the Rotary Club at Alamo, Tennessee; the Lions Club at Henderson, Tennessee; and with the Kiwanis Club at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. We are operating state-

wide Woodland Improvement Projects for 4-H youth both white and Negro in the State of Mississippi and a West Tennessee-wide project for Negro youth in Tennessee. The response in all these projects has been very heartening.

Recently I was at Pineywood School in connection with a 4-H round-up for the Negro boys of South Mississippi. I was reminded of *The Little Professor of Piney Woods*, by Nelson Antrim Crawford, which appeared in THE ROTARIAN about the work of Laurence Jones at this institution, and he gave me a copy of the reprint of this article from THE ROTARIAN in *The Reader's Digest*.

It's More Than Punishment

Says ALLEN D. ALBERT, JR., Rotarian Chairman, Department of Sociology Emory University Atlanta, Georgia

[RE: debate *Shall We Punish Young Criminals?*, THE ROTARIAN for September.]

The problem is far from simple, but is the product of a complete way of life in this country, a way of life that is changing unbelievably rapidly from a self-sustaining, well-integrated farm or rural society to one of changing, interdependent, half-adjusted city living. It cannot be solved by answering the question to punish or not to punish.

'Soul-Satisfying Magazine'

Says T. ARTHUR MCRAE, Rotarian Farmer

Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada

I cannot resist a word of commendation for THE ROTARIAN for August. It is the most soul-satisfying magazine I have read this year.

magazine. If your idea is used, you will get \$5. (First one received wins in case of duplication.) This month's winner is Rotarian William Peiris, of Galle, Ceylon.

ININCREDIBLE INVENTION NO. 10. Would you like to help Prof. Clubdubb solve a Club problem? Send your suggestions (one at a time) to him in care of this



Button pops off vest of well-fed member (A) and hits dog (B). Dog jumps off teeter-totter (C), allowing other end to crush egg (D). Hen (E) cries with grief, filling pan (F) with tears. Small boy (G) sees water and decides to fish. Hook (H) snags cat (I), causing it to release mouse (J). This lowers mirror (K) in front of member, who sees how well off he is. He makes a contribution to the Rotary Foundation.

The frontispiece, entitled *Dining Out*, thrilled me, as I had a purebred herd of Holsteins up till a few years ago. . . . *What Grandpa Laughed At*, by Homer Croy, I considered very amusing—I am a grandpa myself. I thought that *People Who Work for Me*, by Robert J. C. Stead, was a fine acknowledgment of what we owe our fellowman in all walks of life. Then Achille Bossi's *Italy Begins Again*—I spent six weeks in Italy in the Spring of 1930, and his article recalled what lovable people the Italians are.

Was St. Marks Reversed?

Asks R. R. GOULD, *Rotarian* Realtor
Brainerd, Minnesota

On scanning the beautiful cover of THE ROTARIAN for August, my wife and I (who attended the Rotary Convention in Nice in 1937 and visited Venice there-



after) were unable to reconcile the picture of St. Marks Cathedral with that in our pleasant memories.

The partial view of the Doge Palace seems to be on the wrong side of San Marco's.

Will you kindly tell us from what position the picture was taken? Or is it of the south front of the Cathedral, and printed in reverse?

Eds. Note: *Rotarian* Gould is one of several eagle-visioned readers who have questioned the orientation of St. Marks on the August cover. Their doubts are well taken—for the colored photograph was reversed during the engraving process. It being impracticable to rearrange the stones of Venice to conform, there's nothing to do now but to regret the blunder—and double the guard on the office gremlin!

I've Received Many Replies

Says MRS. PERCY CARTER
Tauranga, New Zealand

Since my name appeared in the *Hobby Hitching Post* department of THE ROTARIAN in April I have received many replies from people living in the United States, Canada, Iceland, China, Sweden, the Union of South Africa, and Australia. They have all asked me to exchange stamps, and some have written of their hobbies.

Where to Stay



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan;
(RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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Every Rotarian a Friend of Youth

"THE childhood shows the man as morning shows the day." For some four decades Rotary has acted on a principle akin to this one enunciated by John Milton. It has taught that what you put into your children your community will be tomorrow . . . and thus around the world. Rotary's 6,500 Clubs sponsor Scout troops, boys' clubs, student guests at Club meetings, Summer camps, student loan funds, calf clubs, hobby fairs, ball teams, essay contests, candidates for Rotary Foundation Fellowships, and hundreds of other activities, the end result of which is better citizenship.

Yes, Service to Youth has its eager champions in every Club and is the most widespread form of Community Service.

Not every Club has its separate Youth Committee, nor need it have, but ideally here are the elements of successful planning for Service to Youth:

Establish a Youth Committee of three, five, or more members. Choose them wisely. Then let that Committee:

1. *Get the facts!*—about youth's needs, interests, health; its recreational, educational, and vocational opportunities.

2. *Work with existing organizations!* The thing needed most, your fact hunt may reveal, is support for youth-serving groups already operating. A boys' club may need leaders, the YWCA funds, a camp for underprivileged children both. Myriad opportunities here!

3. *Start new youth projects*—when they are needed. There is a need for, say, a teen-agers' recreation center and no other body is able to initiate it. That's your cue! With Club backing, start it and see it through. Later, if the city wants to "take over," splendid. Two cautions on new projects: (a) be sure they're needed, nonduplicatory, and socially useful; (b) keep them down to earth and to the point.

4. *Keep the whole Club informed*—and busy! To build *esprit de corps* there is nothing like a youth project which demands something from every man in the Club.

No field of Rotary service offers more rewarding opportunities than Service to Youth. Any Rotarian or Club wishing to explore them further may obtain numerous pamphlets and papers from Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A. The basic pamphlet is *Youth Service by Rotary Clubs*, No. 16 (15 cents in any quantity).

Someone once said that "Youth and white paper take any impression." There is much Rotarians can do to see that the former takes a good one.

A Little Lesson in Rotary

"LA niñez anuncia al hombre como la mañana anuncia el día". Por cuatro décadas Rotary ha obrado con base en principios afines a éste expresado por Milton. Ha enseñado que lo que pongamos en nuestros niños se verá reflejado en las colectividades de mañana . . . Y así en el mundo entero los 6,500 clubes de Rotary patrocinan tropas exploradoras, clubes de muchachos, visitas de estudiantes a las reuniones de club, campamentos de verano, fondos de préstamos a estudiantes, clubes deportivos, exposiciones de labores manuales, concursos de ensayos, candidatos para becas de la Fundación Rotaria, etc.

Sí, las actividades pro juventud tienen sus partidarios entusiastas en cada club, y son las más difundidas entre las de interés público.

No todos los clubes cuentan con un comité separado de actividades pro juventud, ni necesitan tenerlo, pero, idealmente, éstos son los elementos para proyectar satisfactoriamente dichas actividades pro juventud.

Créese un comité pro juventud de tres, cinco o más miembros. Selecciónense éstos cuidadosamente. Después que dicho comité:

1. *Investigue los hechos*—acerca de las necesidades, intereses, salud y oportunidades recreativas, educativas y profesionales de la juventud.

2. *Colabore con entidades existentes*. Lo que más se necesita, como lo revelará la investigación, as apoyar a grupos ya existentes que sirven a la juventud. Un club de muchachos puede necesitar dirigentes; tal o cual organización, fondos; un campamento de niños menesterosos, ambas cosas.

3. *Inicie nuevas actividades*—cuando se necesiten. Puede necesitarse, digamos, un centro recreativo para adolescentes y no existir ninguna otra entidad que pueda crearlo. ¡He allí una oportunidad! Después, si la municipalidad quiere hacerse cargo de él, espléndido. Dos advertencias con relación a nuevas actividades: (a) asegurarse de que se necesitan, de que no entrañan duplicación, de que sean socialmente útiles; (b) mantenerse en el terreno de la realidad.

4. *Mantenga informado a todo el club*—y ocupado! Para crear espíritu de cuerpo no hay nada como una actividad pro juventud que demande algo de cada uno de los socios del club.

Ningún campo de actividad rotaria ofrece oportunidades más remuneradoras en satisfacciones. Cualquier rotario y cualquier club que deseen explorar esto más a fondo pueden obtener varios folletos y artículos de Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A. El folleto básico es *Actividades Pro Juventud del Rotary Club*, No. 16.

Alguien dijo que "en la juventud y en papel blanco se graba cualquier impresión". Abunda lo que los rotarios pueden hacer para que sea buena la primera que se grabe.

If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine published in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americas is \$2.



■ GENERAL ANDREW GEORGE LATTA MCNAUGHTON, soldier and engineer, is Canada's permanent delegate to the United Nations, and represents that nation on the Security Council. He is also Canadian Representative to the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission and was President of the Canadian Atomic Energy Control Board until he resigned recently. He served as Minister of National Defense for several months after retiring from the Canadian Army in November, 1944.



■ ALMON E. ROTH, a Past President of Rotary International, and former business manager of Leland Stanford University, served as a member of the United States National War Labor Board from 1942 to 1944. A lawyer, he is president of the San Francisco Employers Council. He is also a trustee of Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., of New York City. He has represented employers on many national radio forums and conferences.



■ CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN, a professor at Williams College, in Berkeley, Calif., has been both contributor and editor of numerous books and periodicals and authored *Windows*. He has a high American claim to fame, having been born in an Indiana log house.

The photograph for this month's cover is by Cy La Tour. It depicts Mount Tom in the high Sierras, a Fall scene near Bishop, California.

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Editor: Leland D. Case

Business and Advertising Manager: Paul Teeter

Editorial, Business, and General Advertising Office: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, U. S. A. Cable Address: Interrotary, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. Other Advertising Offices: Eastern—John J. Morin, 274 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Pacific Coast—Ralph Bidwell, 681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.; Southeastern—Sylvan G. Cox, 200 South Miami Avenue, Miami 7, Fla.

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is regularly indexed in *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*

Published monthly by Rotary International. President: Angus S. Mitchell, Melbourne, Australia; Secretary: Philip Lovejoy, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.; Treasurer: Richard E. Verner, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Magazine Committee Members: Ed. R. Johnson, Roanoke, Virginia (Chairman); Adolph Klein, Newton, New Jersey; Merritt Owens, Kansas City, Kansas; Jorge Roa Martinez, Pereira, Colombia; Harry F. Russell, Hastings, Nebraska.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.50 the year in the U.S.A., Canada, and other countries to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 elsewhere; single copies, 25 cents; REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition), the same. As its official publication, this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles on Rotary International. Otherwise no responsibility is assumed for statements of authors. Any use of fictionalized names that correspond to names of actual persons is unintentional and is to be regarded as a coincidence. No responsibility is assumed for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

THE ROTARIAN is registered in the United States Patent Office. Copyrighted, 1948, by Rotary International. Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1918, at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois; Act of March 3, 1879.

Guest-Editorial

What Do You Know about ILO?

THIS FORUM FOR LABOR, EMPLOYERS, AND GOVERNMENTS

OF 59 COUNTRIES FACES A KNOTTY TANGLE OF NEW PROBLEMS.

MEN representing labor, employers, and Governments of 59 countries met at San Francisco for three weeks last Summer to discuss their interrelated problems. It was a notable achievement—the 31st such Conference of ILO, the International Labor Organization which was born of the old League of Nations and has survived to become a specialized agency of the U. N. Economic and Social Council.

Naturally, hotly contested debates were the prelude to adoption of "conventions" to:

1. Guarantee rights of workers and employers to organize.
2. Establish free Government-sponsored employment services.
3. Amend previous conventions on conditions of work for women and children.

Sharpest cleavage came on the "right to organize." Employer representatives opposed extension of collective bargaining into fields they believe are the prerogatives of management: determination of methods and means of production, for example, or the distribution and pricing of commodities and services. Labor men, on the other hand, served notice that they intend to press for broadening "the right to organize" in ways that go far beyond the basic question.

Herein, I believe, lies a grave danger not only for the best interests of labor and management, but for ILO itself. Should labor representatives insist upon having equal voice in many functions of management, employers may justifiably conclude that it is advisable to withdraw altogether from the Organization.

Merely to press a convention through an ILO Conference

is, after all, a victory of slight value because conventions take effect only as they are ratified by countries. In the early days of ILO there were many ratifications; now there are few. In 1921, for example, the convention on weekly rates in industry was ratified by 35 nations; in 1946, of the 12 ILO conventions, eight have yet to be ratified by a single country.

I seriously doubt that a friendly service is done anyone by bringing in questions which open the way for zealots to jam through conventions which alienate large segments of participants and, in the end, do not lead to ratification. ILO should confine itself, I believe, to matters on which there is reasonable prospect of agreement and ratification. If it does not, the prestige and usefulness of this unique organization is sure to decline.

Sitting on the sidelines at San Francisco, I also saw other aspects of the ILO Conference of interest to me. Of these the most dramatically obvious was the conflict between communist and noncommunist forces. The Soviet Union was not represented, but its viewpoint was actively expressed by other nations within its orbit of influence. Leftish delegates attacked the Marshall Plan for relief and rehabilitation of Western Europe and made a determined, but unsuccessful, attempt to unseat Leon Jouhaux, labor representative from France.

Also impressive to me were evidences of the strongly pressed effort to unionize Asiatic and African countries. This was brought out by labor representatives of several Asiatic countries which also hold membership in the Asian Federation of Labor.

This new body seeks to organize

By Almon E. Roth

Rotary Observer at the International Labor Conference at San Francisco

workmen throughout that great area of the world in which most of the human race lives. I believe that this movement will progress rapidly there. Unless workers and employers who believe in personal freedom and private enterprise are alert, self-seeking leftist elements may assume command of this program. In countries with low living standards they will find fertile soil for seeds of acute social disorders.

If the communists obtain control of the labor-union movement throughout Asia, they will thereby greatly augment their numbers and influence in ILO. We may be sure they will not overlook the opportunity to gain control and, if possible, to sabotage its program for the promotion of social justice through the co-operative efforts of government, employers, and workers. The handwriting is on the wall. The attitude of delegates who spoke for the communist viewpoint at the San Francisco ILO Conference indicates that the drive is on to lessen the influence of private enterprise in this worldwide organization.

ILO has a secretariat at Geneva, Switzerland, where the next Conference will be held, in June, 1949. It is my opinion, given the strength of conviction by what I observed at San Francisco, that business leaders everywhere should focus attention on it. If they do not, the original purpose of the International Labor Organization may be distorted, past gains may be lost, and the effectiveness of the Organization in the future may be curtailed.

ILO spells opportunity for men who believe in international co-operation—but it also is like a sword. It can cut two ways.





Here's How

—Photo: Woodstock *Sentinel Review*

If your eyes are sharp—and you can take them off the faces of these very young ladies—you will observe that their names are Bernice and Marilyn. Look again at their badges and you will see a familiar emblem. It's there because the Rotary Club of Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, was the sponsor of the picnic for handicapped children at which this rare photo of childish naivete was snapped. But it might have been taken at any of a hundred other outings. For showing a good time to youngsters—especially these handicapped children—is a favored activity of Rotarians 'round the world.

THE ATOM:

A Report to the People

PLAIN WORDS ABOUT THE DEADLOCK—AND HOPES
THAT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY WILL BREAK IT.

By Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton

Canadian Representative to United Nations Atomic Energy Commission

THE third regular session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, now under way in Paris, has particular significance for the future of the peoples of the world because the delegates there, representing 58 nations, have before them the question of the international control of atomic energy. This matter went to the General Assembly not as an item of routine business, but in consequence of a resolution of the Security Council taken on June 22, 1948, which transmitted to the General Assembly and to the member nations of the United Nations three reports made by the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission "as a matter of special concern."

These words, in the studied moderation of language used by the Security Council, are meant to be emphatic. Emphasis is indeed needed to describe adequately the seriousness of the situation now reached in the Atomic Energy Commission where proposals advanced by the Soviet Union and echoed by Soviet satellites have met in head-on collision with the project for the effective control of atomic energy which has been carefully developed by the majority of the members of the Commission and is based on proposals originally put forward by the United States.*

It is most needful that this situation, and its potentially dreadful consequence if uncorrected,

*These proposals were debated *pro and con* by Frederick Osborn and Andrei A. Gromyko in *THE ROTARIAN* for July, 1947. For a list of other articles on the atomic-control problem see page 11.



should be made widely known and that people everywhere should take care to understand it in all its varied aspects and implications. This is necessary because it is only from the background of an informed and alert public opinion that we can expect representatives in the General Assembly of the United Nations to be able to grip this situation and to insist on action to resolve the "impasse" which now exists and so restart

the hopeful progress which had been made in working out the terms of an agreement for the control of atomic energy which would ensure its use for peaceful purposes only.

Only three years ago two atomic bombs fell upon Japan. More than 115,000 people were killed. Another 110,000 were injured. Those two bombs delivered by two planes with small crews packed an explosive concentration equal

to 40,000 tons of TNT—a concentration of energy which a short time before would have required for delivery at least 10,000 aircraft manned by perhaps 100,000 crew.

Development and use of the atomic bomb in the Second World War had one main objective, which was to bring an end to the hostilities as quickly and decisively as possible. That objective was accomplished in the quick surrender of Japan. As a result, the atomic bomb has become established as a military weapon of the first importance.

The shock and the horror and the continuing dread deriving from those events are with us yet and will remain an ever-present anxiety which will urgently confront the world until arrangements are entered into, not only for the prohibition of the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes, but, even more important, for the creation of safeguards and controls which will give certainty to the universal enforcement of this prohibition. *This may lead ultimately to the abolition of war itself.*

Atomic energy is not just an-

other military weapon. The evidence shows clearly that the possibilities for the beneficial peaceful uses of this form of energy are literally incalculable. In medicine, in chemistry, in biology, in metallurgy, in engineering, tools of such novelty and power and aptness to the task in hand have been made available that, wherever they have been freed for use, the frontiers of knowledge are being pressed back and the vistas of human understanding widened in a most remarkable fashion. These are inspiring possibilities which intrigue the imagination and everyone would be happy if they were able to facilitate this search for new knowledge by contributing the information and the help which they may have available.

But, unfortunately, as matters stand, it is not in all fields that there is freedom to give or to use information. Nor can this be so at present, for the materials which release atomic energy have a dual character. They are useful in the peaceful arts, but they are also highly dangerous and in the hands of unscrupulous persons, even in comparatively minute quantities, may be a terrible menace to our security.

It is for this reason that, in all matters related to atomic energy, the requirements of na-

tional defense must take precedence. There can be no compromise of security until the position has been made safe by means of an international agreement for the control of atomic energy which will give acceptable safeguards.

The limiting factor on the peaceful development of atomic energy, particularly in its application to power and other large uses, is the absence of this international agreement for its control and regulation. Thus the best service which can now be rendered toward freeing atomic energy for beneficial use is to do everything possible to develop this agreement under which we may hope that all nations may come to have confidence that atomic energy will be used for peaceful purposes only.

Solution of this problem is not a simple matter. The secrets of Nature being uncovered by the scientists cannot be wiped from the world's memory by edict or decree. Fissionable material is present on this earth and it cannot be disposed of forever by burying it or by sinking it in the sea, even if we should wish to do so. Nor will mankind consent to be deprived of the advantages of atomic energy merely because of the destructive possibilities of its misuse.

It was with a deep realization



"The Key"—picturing the point that atomic control comes first in the outmoding of wars.



of both the military and the economic implications of atomic energy that scientists, military men, and statesmen, even before Hiroshima, started thinking of this problem which had been created and which could only be solved in international agreement.

The first step toward the creation of such an international agreement was made very shortly after the termination of the war by the United States, Great Britain, and Canada in a declaration issued at Washington, D. C., on November 15, 1945. Recognizing the need for an international agreement, these nations proposed as a matter of great urgency the setting up of a commission under the United Nations to study the problem and to make recommendations for its control.

This was followed by a meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the United States, the United Kingdom, and the U.S.S.R. in Moscow in December, 1945, at which the Washington proposals were endorsed. These three Governments then invited France, China, and Canada to join with them in sponsoring the proposals at the General Assembly. At the meeting of the General Assembly on January 24, 1946, in London, the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission was established by unanimous resolution.

This Commission is composed of delegates from each of the 11 countries represented on the Security Council, as well as Canada, when Canada is not a member of the Security Council. It was charged with making specific proposals, among other matters, "for the control of atomic energy to the extent necessary to ensure its use only for peaceful purposes," and "for effective safeguards by way of inspection and other means to protect complying States against the hazards of violations and evasions."

When the Commission first met in New York in June, 1946, it was presented with two different plans for the control of atomic energy—one proposed by the United States

and the other by the Soviet Union.

The United States proposal called for the formation of an International Atomic Development Authority, which would foster beneficial uses of atomic energy and would control atomic activities in all nations either by direct ownership, by management, or by supervision, in the case of activities potentially dangerous to world security, or by a licensing and inspection system in the case



"Dangerous Alarm Clock"—an artist's reminder that public apathy may have serious results.

of other activities. This system of control would be set up by stages and after it was in operation, the manufacture of atomic bombs would cease. Existing bombs would be disposed of, and the world Authority would be given information regarding the production of atomic energy. In addition, the United States proposal emphasized that the veto of the five Great Powers in the Security Council should not apply in the event that any nation was charged with having violated the international agreement not to develop or use atomic energy for destructive purposes. I may say that the proposals made by the United States accorded very closely with the views of the Government of Canada, and of many other nations in the Western world, as to how atomic energy might be brought under control.

On the other hand, the Soviet Government put forward a plan which differed fundamentally. It

proposed the immediate outlawing of the atomic bomb and the destruction of all existing stocks of atomic weapons "within a three-month period." To this end the Soviet delegate tabled a draft convention which, he said, should be negotiated forthwith as the first step toward the establishment of a system of international control.

To the majority of the Commission, the idea that the menace to world peace presented by the atomic bomb could be solved simply by the signing of an international agreement to prohibit its use or manufacture seemed very unreal. The experiences of the last 25 years have shown that international agreements alone are not enough to safeguard the peace.

The prohibition by itself of the use and manufacture of the atomic bomb at the present time would merely seriously reduce the military strength of the United States, the only nation now in possession of atomic bombs, at least on any scale which would suffice to make atomic war. It would be an act of unilateral disarmament which would give no assurance that any country engaged in atomic-energy activities would not, or could not, make and use the bomb in the future. Fissionable material, the essential substance for such peaceful applications of atomic energy as the development of industrial power, is also the explosive element of the bomb, and in the absence of effective inspection and control could readily be diverted clandestinely from peaceful to military uses by a nation secretly preparing for atomic war.

For these reasons, most members of the Commission are in agreement that the prohibition of the use or manufacture of the atomic bomb should form part of an over-all control plan. They hold that when such prohibitions are put into effect, they should be accompanied by the applications of safeguards, such as international inspection of all countries, to ensure that no secret activities in atomic energy were in progress.

Prohibition of atomic weapons, standing by itself, is little more than a pious hope, but prohibition as a part of a comprehensive and

thorough system of effective control starting with thorough international ownership of all fissionable material in trust for the nations of the world is something else again. This seems so elementary that it has been difficult to realize that the Soviet Union was really serious in its simple prohibition convention. It was felt that no doubt must be left on this point, and so during this last year fully half the time and attention of the members of the Commission has been devoted to a meticulous reexamination of the Soviet proposals in detail to make abundantly certain that no possible misconception of their purport should stand in the way of agreement.

However, it is now evident that there is no misconception and there thus remains a very wide gap between the views of the U.S.S.R., now echoed by the Ukraine, and those of the rest of the Commission, who have rejected these proposals as "completely ignoring the existing technical knowledge of the problem or providing an adequate basis for effective international control and the elimination of atomic weapons from national armaments."

To summarize: The Soviet proposals are that there should be a treaty for the mere prohibition of atomic weapons without control, that the five Great Powers should retain a veto on atomic matters in the Security Council, and that atomic energy should be exploited and developed by nations themselves as they may feel inclined. The majority of the Atomic Energy Commission believe these proposals are the negation of international control because they leave out of account every element on which such a control could be developed and made effective.

In contrast with the Soviet proposals the plan which has been evolved by the majority is based on a strict acceptance of the scientific facts inherent in the very nature of atomic energy and on the logical conclusions which follow therefrom. Put briefly, it is a great experiment in international collaboration.

The majority plan provides for the creation of an International

The Problem in Review

Hiroshima was bombed in August, 1945. Here for your convenience is a list of articles in THE ROTARIAN on major implications of that pivotal event in world history.

Now That We've Burst the Atom—Arthur H. Compton (Oct., 1945). A notable preview a scant two months after the first bomb exploded of the now acute problem of atomic control.

The Atomic Bomb: Should the U. N. Security Council Control It?—Sir Norman Angell and Hutton W. Summers, a debate (Nov., 1945).

The Atomic Bomb and the Price of Peace—Sir William Beveridge (Jan., 1946). Sovereignty must be modified.

Ideals and The Bomb—Abbé Ernest Dimnet (June, 1946). The moral aspect.

Atomic Power for Peace—Samuel K. Allison (July, 1946). New energy for industry.

By-Products of the Atomic Bomb—Raymond E. Zirkle (Aug., 1946). Atomic uses in medicine and in research.

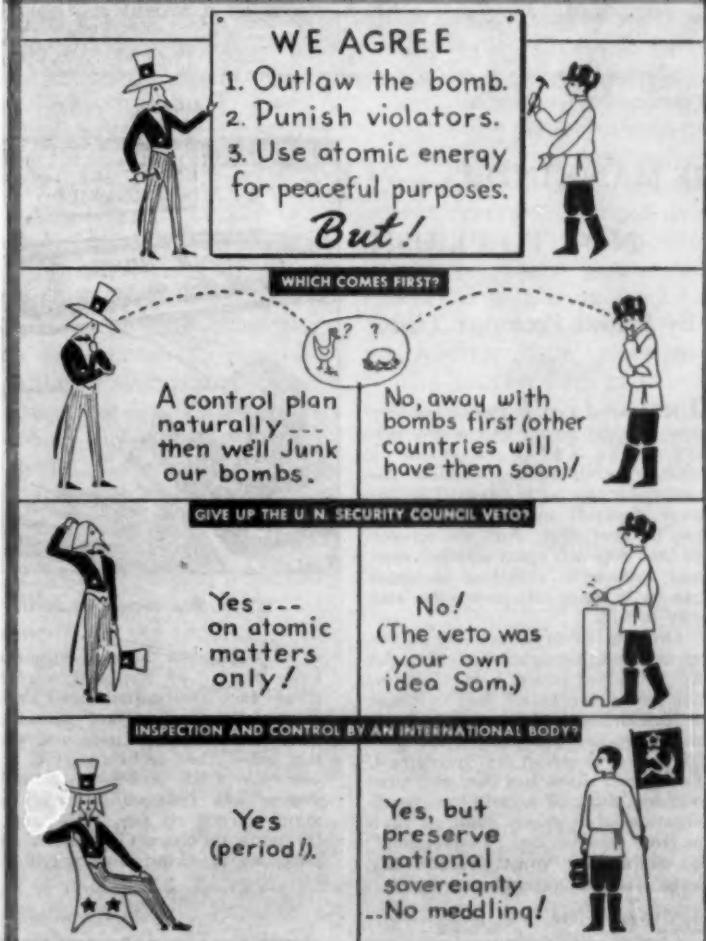
Leaders for the Atomic Age—Walter B. Pitkin (Dec., 1946). How to get them.

To Survive We Must Serve—Arthur H. Compton (June, 1947). The moral challenge of the Atomic Age.

How Should We Control Atomic Energy?—Frederick Osborn and Andrei A. Gromyko, (July, 1947). The U. S. and the Soviet proposals—a debate.

Looking Ahead—Albert Einstein; *World State?* (a symposium)—W. T. Holliday, Clarence K. Streit, Sir Norman Angell (June, 1948).

THE DEADLOCK: These sketches from the Osborn-Gromyko debate in July, 1947, are still pertinent—but the U. S. position is now also held by the majority on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission.



Atomic Authority which would own in trust for the nations of the world all uranium and thorium after they are taken from the ground, and which would control the extent of mining of such ores. Production would be strictly related to consumption and there would be no accumulated stocks to cause anxiety. The Authority would own, operate, and manage all facilities handling dangerous amounts of fissionable material. It would conduct research in the field of atomic energy and freely license research in nondangerous quantities to scientists with full publication of findings in this field. The Authority would allot quotas to each nation in accordance with the provisions of the proposed Atomic Energy Treaty and would build and operate plants within a nation's quota. No nation would be permitted to own dangerous quantities of atomic fuels or plants for making them. Atomic weapons would be prohibited. The Authority would be empowered to ascertain resources and prevent secret activities.

After more than 240 meetings over a period of two years, the

majority of the Commission has decided that "no other solution will meet the known facts, prevent rivalries in this most dangerous field, and fulfill the Commission's terms of reference." The International Authority which the Commission proposes to establish will provide the greatest possible guaranty of security for the participating countries and ensure complying States against "the hazards of willful violations and evasions." Only with such a system operating satisfactorily would countries possessing atomic weapons be justified in disposing of their stocks of bombs and facilities for making them, turning over to international control their atomic-energy establishments, and giving to the world their secrets for the production of atomic energy.

The Soviet Union continually raises two stock arguments against the majority plan. The first is that the proposals are designed to perpetuate a United States monopoly. The facts are quite to the contrary. The United States has proposed to relinquish its present advantages and to vest them in a world Authority with

proper safeguards, and it has proposed this in order that dangerous international rivalries in the field of atomic energy might cease. This proposal is not only realistic, but it is highly imaginative and prophetic. It expresses the only known basis on which the safety of the world can rest in the future. There is no doubt whatever about the sincerity of those who have made this offer.

The second reiterated Soviet argument is that the majority plan would interfere with the prerogatives of sovereign States. But any effective system of international control of atomic energy must involve the vesting of power in a central authority and to this extent States will in consequence relinquish the exercise by themselves of some aspects of their sovereignty. This is not abandoning the aspects of sovereignty in question; it is a voluntary provision for their effective use.

The main points in the majority plan concerning jurisdiction are to be found in the principles that each nation should agree to accept an equitable quota out of the world total of atomic energy and that each nation will agree to accept for itself the same form of international inspection that is considered necessary for everyone. These principles contain nothing that is invidious to the prestige or real interest of any nation.

Such is the "impasse" which developed in the Atomic Energy Commission and such is the state of affairs which made it evident that the issue raised should be taken to the General Assembly of the United Nations now meeting in Paris.

In proposing that the Security Council should be invited to accept this course, the Atomic Energy Commission made it quite clear that the majority of its members did not regard this action as any acceptance of defeat or confession of failure in the Commission's attempts to achieve a proper system for the international control of atomic energy. Quite the contrary. The majority members expressed their certainty that they had evolved and set forth in their reports the technical framework of a system of control which would be satisfactory and which, in the [Continued on page 50]

IF MANKIND IS NOT TO PERISH

By Ernest Fremont Tittle

THE awful fact is that humanity now has the power to commit suicide. The awful question is whether such an unspeakable catastrophe can be averted. The answer depends upon whether war can be abolished. And the answer to that depends upon whether men and women in sufficient numbers can be brought to a new view and way of life.

On this there is general agreement among thoughtful people. An English churchman, J. H. Oldham, has voiced the belief that "without a fundamental change in outlook and purposes mankind must perish." An American nonchurchman, Lewis Mumford, has declared that nothing short of a complete reorientation of life can avail to save us from destruction. "Conversion," he maintains, "must precede any outer change or transformation."



"Turn that corner or crash."

What hope is there of salvation from atomic or bacterial warfare if we face the unparalleled crisis in which we now find ourselves with blunted sensibilities, and with the belief that self-interest is the one rule of life and force the only dependable reliance? It is the simple truth to say, "Without a fundamental change in outlook and purposes, mankind must perish."

Berg in Christian Science Monitor

THE BILL-COLLECTING PROBLEM

FIRST, A LOOK AT THE WAYS
THE SKIP TRACER OPERATES, THEN COMMENTS
FROM A PANEL OF ROTARIANS . . . PRESENTED AS
THE DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH.

The Way 'Norman' Does It

By Paul D. Green

YOU SELL Mr. or Mrs. Someone your goods on credit. Bills and, finally, dunning letters are ignored. You don't want to lose goodwill—but you do want the account paid!

How far should you go to get your money?

That's the practical—and ethical—question inherent in the business of that expert bill collector commonly known as the skip tracer. To illustrate, let me tell you about one I know. Call him Norman.

Norman is a short, ruddy-faced, baldheaded man with rimless glasses who looks more like a pleasant druggist than a sleuth. He has very little faith in letters, and lots of it in the value of a telephone call or personal visit.

Take the case of the woman who owed a department store \$180 for dresses she had long since discarded. Norman's immediate problem was to learn the whereabouts of the woman's working husband, who was responsible for her bills.

Fortified with a complete report on his past credit record, and a partial family history, Norman called up the woman. She had an odd name—Sputz—so when he got a "Hello," he said:

"This is Mr. Sputz, and I'm looking for Sam Johnson."

"Why, there's no Mr. Johnson here," the lady replied, "but by a peculiar coincidence my name is Sputz."

"Is that so?" Norman said in

mock surprise. "The only other Sputz I ever heard of was Sam Sputz from Fort Worth, Texas. I'm from Dallas." At this stage a nicely modulated Southern accent crept into his voice.

"Well, now isn't that nice?" Mrs. Sputz said agreeably. "Sam would certainly be glad to see you. Why don't you come up to the apartment so we can talk over old times?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Sputz, but I have to be leaving town this evening. By the way, where is Sam now? I certainly would like to get in touch with him."

"Oh, he's working at the A. B. C. Knitting Mills in Toronto, Canada," she offered. "I'm expecting to join him later."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Sputz. I'll try to drop in and see you next time I'm in town," said Norman, hanging up. The same day he dispatched the papers to a Canadian agent who promptly got a judgment against Mr. Sputz, who would probably have been chagrined if he learned how his wife's curiosity had tripped him up.

Every case, big and small, is a personal challenge to a good skip tracer. Their fees run from 25 to 50 percent of the amounts collected, depending on the age of the account. The important thing when a skip tracer gets an account for collection is to determine immediately whether it is collectible at all. If there's the slightest chance that a bill will eventually be made good, a skip tracer will pursue it if it takes years, which it sometimes does.

Once Norman had to collect a



Armstrong Roberts

bill from a woman who was unmarried and usually worked for a living. When he called on her, she pleaded temporary embarrassment, but swore she'd make good the account as soon as her circumstances were straightened out. After a little cautious inquiry, Norman learned she had done considerable selling in the past. One of his numerous contacts among the department stores had asked him if he knew of a good road salesman. Norman recommended the woman, who is still selling infants' wear across the continent. She has paid off her obligation long since.

Another time, when he called on a professional man to pay an old bill of \$240, he found him in slightly adverse circumstances.

"Well, when do you think you can pay this bill?" Norman asked patiently.

"I think I could start paying in about a year," the man said.

"Well, I'll go you better than that," offered Norman. "Suppose we let you alone for 18 months."

A year and a half later, when he called on the man, he gratefully began paying off the old debt and cleared it up in short order.

Norman enlists the free-lance and often unsuspecting aid of doormen, real-estate agents, neighbors, and friends in tracing delinquents. He has found that gossipy women neighbors are



Human Nature Put to Work



It's a laudable impulse to "find out for yourself"—except around fresh-paint jobs. At my gas station, where painting is almost continuous, I beat the popular urge this way: On each new job I hang the customary WET PAINT signs. But in addition on each sign I add: SAMPLE—TEST HERE. An arrow points to a big dab of paint in the corner of the sign. My customers chuckle . . . and leave my work unmolested.

—Franklyn Sturgis, Jr., Lee, Mass.



Shakespeare might have said: "Sweet are the uses of avarice." When the lowly potato of the New World was introduced into the Old World, French farmers scorned it. A certain nobleman, interested in promoting the vegetable, hit on this idea: he planted several acres to potatoes, then at harvest time posted signs reading: "These pommes de terre [ground apples] are raised exclusively for the nobility to eat. Do not touch on danger of severe punishment." Guards watched the plot by day but not by night. Soon the field was stripped—and France grew potatoes. So the story goes.

—Oscar Nussmann, Los Angeles, Calif.



What a woman can do to stir ambition in a man—even a very young man—was proved to me years ago when I was teaching school. A boy who stood near the bottom of his class asked to be promoted at once to the next grade. I told him that was impossible. "But if I could only be in Katie's class," the lad stammered, blushing, "I know I'd do lots better." Then I understood. Katie was pretty, with her long curls; moreover, she was my star pupil. "All right," I finally said, "if you can keep up your work"—and I implied, but didn't say, "with Katie." By the end of the term it was Katie who had to hustle to keep up with her young admirer.

—Mrs. A. N. Letterman, Kakabeka Falls, Ont., Canada

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication). —Eds.

suckers for a little "dirt" to discuss at the sewing circle or bridge club, and will exchange reams of pertinent information for good material. When he uses outside agents, he prefers attractive girls, well dressed, particularly for entering high-class apartment houses. A doorman would stop a male investigator and ask him his business before admitting him, but the girls get by easily. When they question a doorman about a party who has moved, they never say:

"Where did Mr. McGillicuddy move to?" because that's the tip-off that they don't know him. They say, instead:

"I'd like to see Mr. McGillicuddy," knowing full well he's moved away. If the doorman recollects McGillicuddy as a chap who took good care of him at Christmas, he'll raise every tenant out of his sleep to learn his whereabouts, if he doesn't already know.

Norman finds good pickings among professions—actors, writers, radio announcers, or people connected with them. They all have a tendency to overreach themselves in trying to keep ahead of the mob. Frequently department stores have to jog them with a visitation from Norman to get their accounts straight.

He also runs into a number of phoney or legitimate but impoverished European refugees from royal houses. To break these people down, he often has to ring in the appropriate French, German, or Italian dialect. If he comes across an unfamiliar nationality, however, he pretends he's Bulgarian, just to make himself a foreigner.

Wrong Methods Deplored

By Louis Spencer
Collection Service Manager
Oakland, California

AS ONE engaged in the collection business more than 25 years,



Spencer

I register a strong disapproval of the skip-tracer methods as described by Mr. Green. Yet it is true that the job of finding people can be exasperating.

The cheat will, of course, resort to any scheme to hide his identity. But many people are "lost" with no intention to defraud a creditor. Often they have had financial reverses and have moved from place to place to find work, and have simply neglected to inform creditors. To assume that such people are criminals and then adopt demeaning methods of tracing them is wrong.

But why is it so many merchants expect the professional collector to be ruthless? If he objects to such suggestions, he may lose the business. If he becomes hard-boiled, he sullies his self-respect and may lose his reputation. That's a dilemma sometimes forced on collectors by well-meaning but thoughtless clients. And it's an aspect which is often overlooked in discussions of this kind.

Overselling Makes Debtors

Thinks D. D. Monroe
Abstractor
Clayton, New Mexico

HIGH-PRESSURE selling, overselling, and insufficient investigation of the buyer's ability to pay — these, I think, are prime sources of bad accounts. No real Rotarian would sell a man with a monthly income of \$150 a \$3,000 automobile. He knows that though the man might manage to pay for it, he could not maintain it and at the same time meet his family's other needs.



Monroe

In towns the size of mine (3,200), where everyone knows everyone, there is little need for professional bill collectors, but in little centers and big ones there is always present the question: to what degree is the debtor's welfare more important than the debt? This, to me, is certainly a moot question. How much emphasis shall we place on money? Shall we hold a dollar so close to our eye that we can see nothing else? The cautious businessman never has to face the issue because he never permits accounts to reach a point where they jeopardize the debtor.

It's a Problem for Doctors

Notes F. J. R. Forster, M. D.
Medical Specialist
Stratford, Ont., Canada


IT IS well known that few businesses or professions show a poorer rate of account collection than the medical profession, but doctors are improving. They are mailing their bills more promptly and using more efficient collection methods.

When patients ignore three or four notices or flatly refuse to pay, the doctor does well to place the account in the hands of a reliable collector.

The practice of medicine is, of course, fundamentally a humanitarian service—and the doctor who is true to himself and his profession never forgets it. Thus, every year, he writes off many accounts, especially of elderly people. Last month I cancelled an operation fee for cataract removal in the case of an old man who was working when I operated two years ago, but who now has only an old-age pension as income. The peace of mind the cancellation gave the old gentleman and his wife was worth double my fee.

Care on Credit Saves Customers

Says Harley E. Rice
Hospital Administrator
Stoneham, Massachusetts


A FALSE economic philosophy has crept into the thinking of many people. It is the notion that every man is entitled to the things he thinks he needs whether he can pay for them or not. It results in a new indifference toward debts and a consequent weakening of the free-enterprise system.

People are, it is true, more important than money, and their welfare must be considered in collecting debts. In my work, hospitals, this means finding the

dividing line between those needing social-service aid and those needing credit—and satisfying the need by one means or another. In other lines, these same ends can be approached, I feel, by using greater care in credit extension—to save people of weak financial ability from falling into the position of defaulters—which generates so much resentment, rebellion, and illwill.

Collecting Has Risks, but . . .

Feels Arthur S. Fitzgerald
Chartered Accountant
Windsor, Ont., Canada


A CERTAIN account I know of had been paid, but by error was not credited to the customer. The bill was given to a collector. Finding the customer out, the collector left a card in public view addressed to him. Angered, the customer, whose credit was 100 percent, held the principal responsible and refused to do any further business with him.

The professional collector is necessary, but the creditor who hires him must feel a responsibility for his methods. Collections that would financially cripple the well-meaning debtor or harm his family should be postponed. That is only common humanity. It is also good business.

How much to pay the collector? Twenty-five to 50 percent, depending on the age of the account, or costs plus 25 percent of the balance.

We Never Sue a Debtor

Says William Calder MacKay
Department-Store Manager
Auckland, New Zealand


MOST merchants in New Zealand would sooner have a customer buy fewer goods—and be able to pay for them—than to overbuy. In one exception a woman got a raw deal. Two fellow merchants went to the seller and told him to return the goods he had taken back. To offset his loss the two men—both Rotarians

—said they would cover two-thirds of it and that he must stand one-third. But, they said, the woman must get the goods.

MacKay And she did.

Occasionally a customer is a dead beat. But our firm, organized in 1928, has never sued. If we make a mistake in granting credit, we write off the debt. Though we are the largest sellers on the installment plan in New Zealand, on \$250,000 time-payment sales last year we wrote off less than \$8,000—and some of that is recoverable. In some cases we sit down with a hard-pressed buyer and discuss his problem—perhaps reducing payments for a while. That salvages goodwill—and perhaps a customer. If the buyer cannot meet obligations, he must always be left with goods to the value of money he has paid.

Get It Straight—First!

Urge Harold J. Snell
Optometrist
Red Deer, Alta., Canada


TOO easy credit may be the greatest single cause of friction over unpaid bills, but another runs it a close second. It is the lack of a firm understanding between buyer and seller, professional man and client, at the time credit is being extended. Let there be no mistake as to when and how payment of the account is to be made, and the bargain and agreement are well begun.

And if it goes bad, if the buyer defaults turn the account over to a professional collector? Certainly, if the buyer continues to ignore repeated requests for payment. And let the collector go as far as the laws of the land allow.

One problem professional men have is that the client who is resisting collection claims their services were never satisfactory. He uses it as an excuse. It is a very difficult problem—but, again, a definite initial understanding helps avoid it.



A trainee for the search-rescue service learns parachuting in the RCAF school in the Rockies.

Paratroopers of Peace

WITH RESCUE METHODS LEARNED IN WAR

CANADA NOW AIDS ENDANGERED CIVILIANS.

By W. J. Banks

AS THE BIG Canso amphibian took off from Halifax and headed north, King Winter was trying for a Spring comeback. Aboard were eight Royal Canadian Air Force men, a nursing sister, and a sick-bay attendant of the Royal Canadian Navy.

Some hours later the great plane made a tricky landing in Harrington Harbor on the bleak, north coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There it took aboard 14-year-old Glinda Roberts, dangerously ill with pneumonia, and managed to take off through newly formed ice.

The nurse kept Glinda alive with oxygen until she reached the modern hospital at Goose Bay Airport, Labrador. Then came an SOS from Mutton Bay, back near Harrington, where an expectant mother was suffering internal hemorrhages. Off went the Canso again, but high waves and mountains cut off both the seaward and landward approaches. Next day, however, a landing was made and the sick woman, within a matter of hours, was in a Halifax hospital.

"AN EXCITING THREE-DAY 2000-MILE ADVENTURE," said newspapers. "All in a week's work," remarked the Canso's crew. For they belong to the RCAF's search and rescue service, to which such flights are routine the Dominion over.

In World War II the techniques of rescuing combat personnel reached a high state of development. Could they not serve man in peace as well? The International Civil Aviation Organization believed they could and should. A year ago this agency of the United Nations—one of the less publicized U. N. bodies which are proving that nations *can* work together—asked its members to retain the search and rescue facil-

ties of their military air forces and adapt them to protection of international civil air travellers.

One result is that in the United States the Army Air Force is ready to search for and aid all crash victims. Another is that in Canada the RCAF bears this responsibility, and also, where practical, will go to the aid of endangered civilians, provided that help is not possible through normal channels.

Other agencies may be called upon for assistance. Army paratroopers, for example, played a prominent rôle in "Operation Canon." Canon John H. Turner accidentally discharged his rifle as he returned from a seal hunt to his tiny mission home at Moffet Inlet in northern Baffin Land. The bullet lodged in his brain. With the help of frightened Eskimos, Mrs. Joan Turner carried her husband to his bed.

Except for two wee daughters, there was no other white person nearer than Arctic Bay, 70 miles away. A willing Eskimo friend made the two-day journey over treacherous ice to the trading post there, whence a radio message reached the outside world.

Then a big plane circled overhead and four men—one a doctor—parachuted to a small, frozen lake near-by.

Now began a seven-week vigil in the arctic Winter night. Even indoors, a glass of water froze solid. As doctor and wife fought for a life, the others searched through blizzards to find a landing place for the rescue plane.

Several times the Dakota craft hovered over Moffet to reconnoiter or drop supplies. But when a landing place had been marked out, foul weather delayed the landing. Finally



came the desired break in the blizzards and down dropped the plane on a lake several miles from the mission. Next day Canon Turner was in a Winnipeg hospital, where he continued his heroic fight which, sad to say, was unsuccessful. Shortly afterward the amazing Joan Turner gave birth to a third daughter!

It takes trained men for such search-rescue work and the Dominion gets them from a school at Jasper, Alberta, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The training is regarded as the toughest in Canada's armed services. The course includes a measure of medicine, even obstetrics!

Search-rescue also takes specialized gear. One new piece is a full medical kit which can be parachuted without any chance of breakage to even the most delicate instrument. A standard piece

is the famous Lindholme gear for sea rescue. Then, too, there's the air-ground emergency code developed internationally. It is a set of simple signals which sufferers spell out on the ground with strips of fabric.

Twenty-seven planes spotted across the Dominion make up the RCAF search-rescue air fleet, but there are a number of fast ocean-going craft as well. Recently one sailed from Canada's West Coast to the East via the Panama Canal. En route it received weather data and supplies, and at many ports abundant hospitality, from the United States and Mexico.

International co-operation, indeed, is the keynote of the well-integrated American and Canadian search and rescue services, which stand ready to succor those in peril from tropical waters to the northernmost icepacks.

The para-rescuer (right) lands with a full kit, gets directions by "walkie-talkie." . . . Helicopters in Canada's search-rescue service gently hoist crash victims aboard with a hydraulic winch. . . . Below right is Mrs. Joan Turner, heroine of "Operation Canon," with her two tiny daughters, an Eskimo friend, and rescue crewmen.



Photos: (pp. 16-17) RCAF; Canadian Army



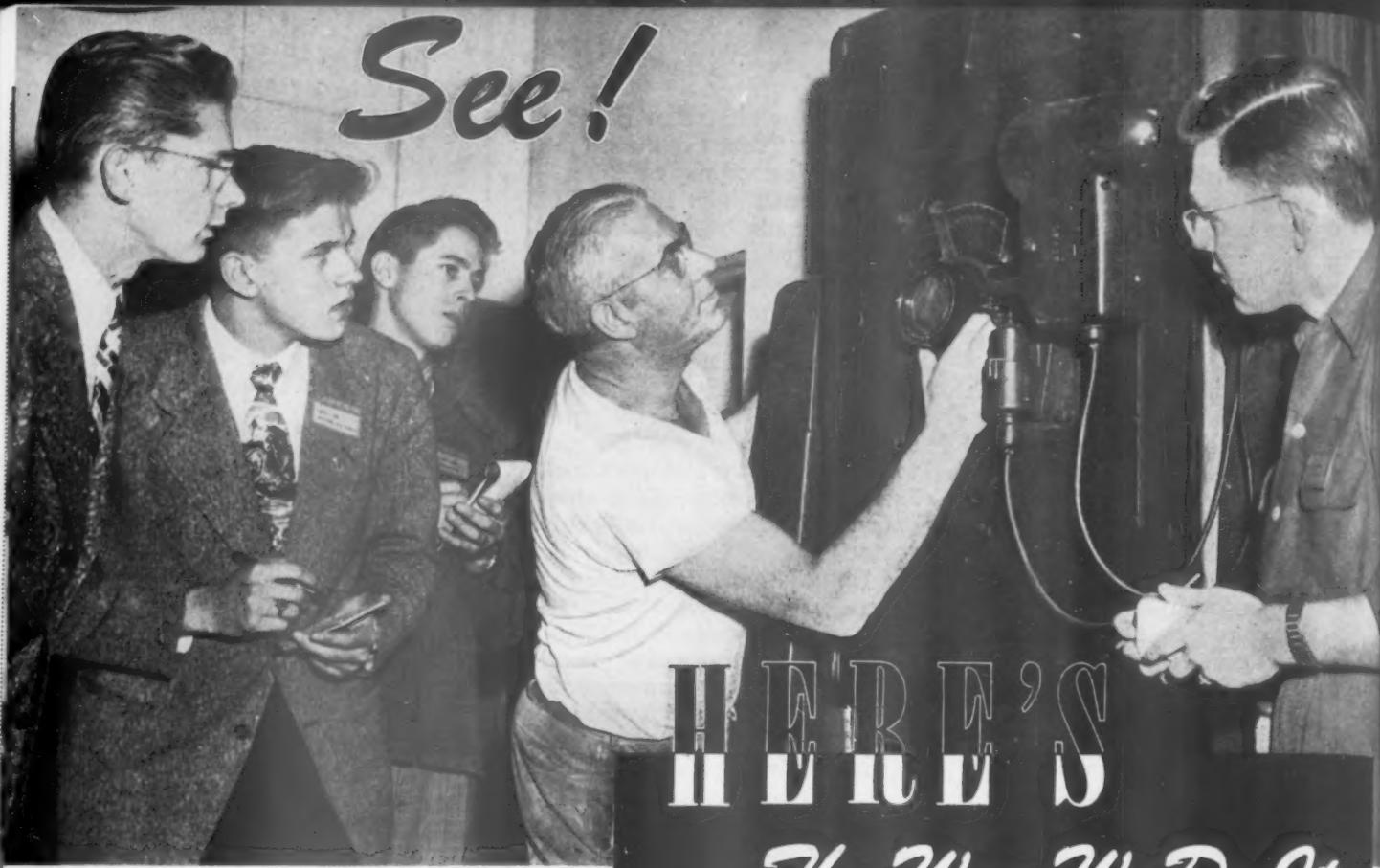


Photo: St. Paul Dispatch

Photoengraving? Four young Minnesotans weigh its career possibilities as Charlie Michaels explains the operation of "the largest camera in the United States." The scene is the Buckbee Mears engraving company.

IT MAY not always seem so, but 17-year-old schoolboys have a lot on their minds . . . things like exams, jobs, careers, the Army, acne, autos, atoms, Betty, Barbara, Beverly, and many items which are none of our business.

In 60 towns in Minnesota and North Dakota several thousand 17-year-old schoolboys are carrying around all these normal concerns—plus one more. It's the large question: "Will I be picked for the big trip to St. Paul next Spring?"

The big trip to St. Paul next Spring is worth a little reasonable worry. It means four days in the big city. Four days crammed with sight-seeing tours and visits to industries, long walks through colleges and friendly talks with business and professional men, "Big Nine" basketball games and ice carnivals. It means attendance at the third annual Young Men's Conference of the Rotary Club of St. Paul.

Never heard of it? Then let's get on with the story at



HERE'S HERE'S The Way We Do It

ST. PAUL ROTARIANS GIVE

SCHOOL YOUTHS A PREVIEW OF MANY CAREERS.

A WORD-AND-PICTURE STORY—

By Karl K. Krueger

once. About the time that New Year's horns go into the trash can, the Rotary Club of St. Paul sends off a letter to each of the 60 Rotary Clubs in its District—which covers Minnesota and North Dakota and a fringe of Wisconsin and Ontario. "We're going to stage our Young Men's Conference again," says the letter, "and, again, we'd like to have you select two outstanding senior boys from your local high school and send them to us. You provide their transportation and we'll do the rest."

That starts it. Then come a couple months filled with choosing the local boys, getting parental okehs, filling out forms for the St. Paul Club, rounding up automobiles and train tickets and luggage . . . and at last dawns the great day.

The best way to tell you what

happens when these 120 lads from the iron range and prairie and lake port pile into Minnesota's capital city is to tell you what happened last year.

Bob Harris, Jim Jensen, and Chet Coburn, motoring in from points east, get stuck in a Spring blizzard, and, curse the luck!, never do reach St. Paul . . . but 117 luckier young men pull up at Conference Headquarters in the YMCA at 3 P.M. on a Saturday afternoon—as scheduled.

There are 272 men in the Rotary Club of St. Paul and practically every one of them is on hand to welcome the boys, who see at once, as each receives a fat envelope, that this thing is organized right down to the last goodby. For in each envelope is the printed program, a badge and admission tickets, a map of the city, the name of the boy's host for the

week-end and the names of St. Paul leaders he will interview and industries he will visit—even a notebook and pencil and a handful of streetcar tokens!

As the young men pore over the contents of their envelopes, Rotarians move among them. "Bob Lund, of Wahpeton? I'm Harold Rose, your host. Your room in my home is waiting for you . . . and so is dinner! Let's go. How was the trip in, Bob . . . ?" So off they go, man and boy, on a four-day adventure centered around a Rotarian's hearth which the boy, for one, will never forget.

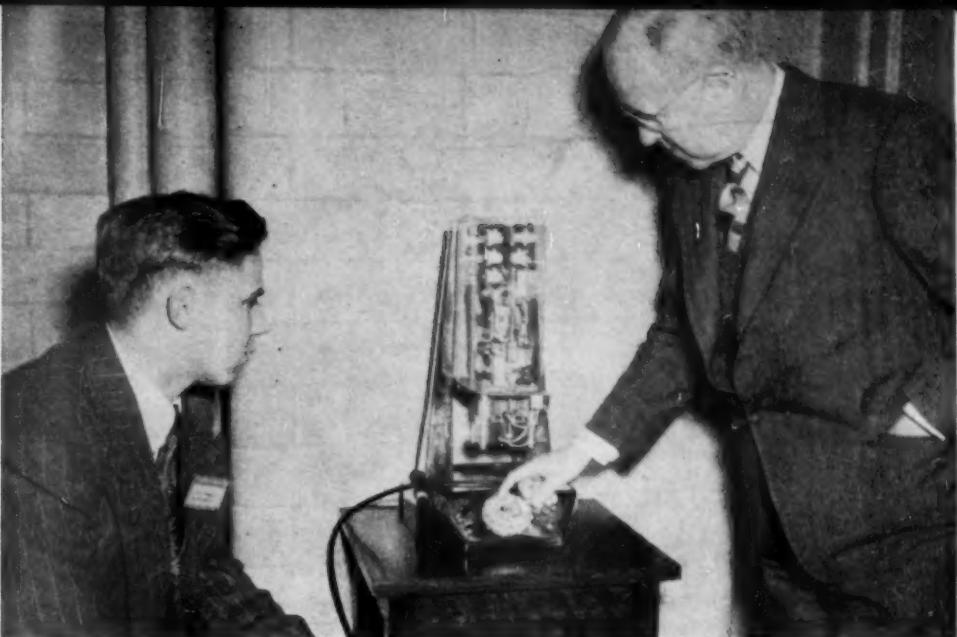
There's a dance that night . . . with the 117 pretty little partners, well chaperoned, coming by invitation from St. Paul high schools. It breaks up at midnight.

There's breakfast, church, and dinner with Rotarian hosts on Sunday . . . and in the afternoon a cavalcade of 30 automobiles takes the boys down Kellogg Boulevard, to the capitol, through the business district, all over this city of 325,000. Good seats that night at the spectacular Ice Capades in St. Paul's huge Auditorium top off the day.

"And now, young gentlemen, it's down to work! You came here hoping that something you would see or hear would help you in the hard matter of choosing a career or in learning more about the one you have already chosen. Well, our industries are eager to show you how they work; our business and professional leaders are waiting to answer your questions."

So—Monday is filled with tours of auto factories, packing plants, paper mills, and so on, and Tuesday with quiet interviews between the boy who thinks he wants to be a lawyer and the man who's been one for 30 years; between the youth who doesn't know what he wants to do and an understanding man who is not at all worried about it.

Down in the basement of the telephone building, Inspector W. F. Hinze pauses to catch his breath. He has led a dozen of the boys through relay rooms, behind switchboards, around generators, and he has explained everything in technical detail. "Way over the boys' heads," we are about to conclude, when a small-town boy named Bob, who won't have to

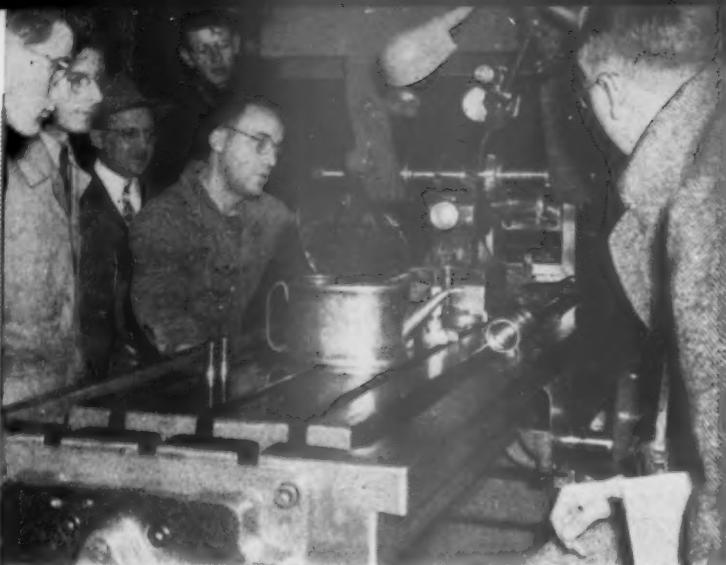


To put Chuck Sunderman, of Le Sueur, Minn., at ease, Rotarian S. T. Rockwell starts off the interview casually with a look at a device his Western Electric plant manufactures.



In St. Paul's telephone building one of the young men learns what makes dial phones work . . . while three others (below) get the story on newspapering straight from Rotarian V. E. ("Doug") Fairbanks, executive editor of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press.





How man can turn steel to his own ends!—some potential engineers see it close up for the first time, at American Hoist and Derrick Company.



And in another St. Paul plant—this one Minnesota Mining and Mfg. Co.—other youths learn of the huge tools back of an industrial civilization.

buy a razor for a couple of years yet, points to a storage battery and asks: "Why don't you use a reactance in there, Mr. Hinze?"

"We could have—could have, indeed!" answers Inspector Hinze, and he doesn't even blink. He knows what the poor visiting journalist is only beginning to understand: that these boys are as sharp as they are handsome.

And as eager as sharp. When Conference managers offered the boys the choice of a free afternoon or a tour of colleges and universi-

ties, only five boys of the whole 117 took the first option.

There was much more . . . a good short talk by Dr. Max Moore, of North Dakota, who was then District Governor; another by Dr. Charles J. Turck, Macalester College president . . . but as the last car drove off for home, we asked Rotarian Bill Plummer, young Conference chairman, how the whole thing had started anyway.

"Several students from other lands had visited our city," he began, "and to our Club they ex-

pressed great interest in what they had seen and in contacts we had helped them make. That set us to thinking that what is good for youths from far shores might also be good for youths from nearer by. The Club took it from there."

For a while we talked of the effect of the thing on man and boy and then Bill mopped his brow: "We've got a *real* problem now. The senior girls in these 60 towns want to know why they can't come to our Conference, too!"

"Milk? All you want, son!" This was one of the four meals at which the 117 boys were fed en masse. It is believed that no boy lost any weight!

Autographs of new buddies soon fill the pages of the printed programs. These four lads come from four towns in Minnesota and North Dakota.



*It's a
union*

*Comm
David
Pas
Rotar*



It's a model-railroad system built by a model club in this railroading city's union station . . . and a sight-seeing stop here proves hard to terminate.



Four youths, their eyes on the law, examine Rotarian Lawyer Wm. Oppenheimer . . . who finds questions relevant, material, and interesting to boot!



Commercial art is the dream of Bill Pallasch, of Grand Forks, No. Dak., and David C. Clappier, of Rochester, Minn., so Art Educator Foster Kienholz, Past Rotary Governor, shares his long experience with them . . . (Below) Rotarians hand bags of St. Paul products to the boys at the last session.



A view of the end product is the last stop on this group's tour of the huge Seeger Refrigerator Company. . . . (Below) Marvin Olson, of Mankato, Minn., speaking for the boys, thanks Dr. Henry Schmitz, then Club President, for the four great days—while flash bulbs are popping.

Photo: St. Paul Pioneer Press



It Was Called Profanity Hill

HERE'S A HEARTENING STORY OF HOW FIVE RACES

WORKING TOGETHER HAVE TRANSFORMED A SLUM IN SEATTLE.

By Howard E. Jackson

RECENTLY a white jeweler shot and killed a Negro soldier in his store on Jackson Street in Seattle, Washington. There had been an argument about a knife the soldier wanted to buy. The jeweler claimed he shot the soldier accidentally, as he sought to ward off a knife blow with the gun. A colored witness said: "It was outright murder!"

The story of the shooting, with the witness' statement, made headlines in a local Negro newspaper, and beneath were printed both versions of the slaying.

The witness admitted that he and the soldier had been in a tavern, and it can be assumed that both had been drinking. Moreover, it wasn't logical for a merchant to whip out a gun and start shooting, without provocation. Negro leaders in the community realized this, and there was no aftermath to the tragic incident. The people of Seattle are starting to use their heads!

The Jackson Street Area, in

which the shooting took place, constitutes but a small section of the city. You could stride the length of it in 30 minutes, the breadth in less than half that time. And yet, within its boundaries boil the same problems which confront the United Nations.

Here in equal numbers you find Caucasians, Negroes, and Japanese, with somewhat fewer Chinese and a smaller proportion of Filipinos. Before World War II the Japanese predominated, but when they were sent to relocation camps, almost double their number of Negroes moved in. The Filipinos are in the minority most of the year, but at certain seasons when migrant workers flock to town they triple their numbers almost overnight. Furthermore, there is a high percentage of turnover in the population of 12,000. Yet out of this agglomeration of races has sprung a community spirit so vigorous and so hopeful that in it can be seen

the possibility of a similar spirit throughout the world.

Some civic experts said it couldn't be done. Long ago they'd written off the Jackson Street area as too old, too slummy to conceive any sort of spirit. Houses, hotels, and business buildings were firetraps and ratholes. Of 3,148 dwelling units in 1940, more than half had no private baths. The mean monthly rent for all houses in the area was less than \$10! The worst section, consisting of 471 dwelling units and known since early times as "Profanity Hill," was 95 percent substandard. Here the houses were dilapidated shacks, sanitary conditions were deplorable, streets were unpaved. Houses of prostitution abounded. They were not sandwiched in between tenements; rather, the tenements were squeezed in among the houses of prostitution!

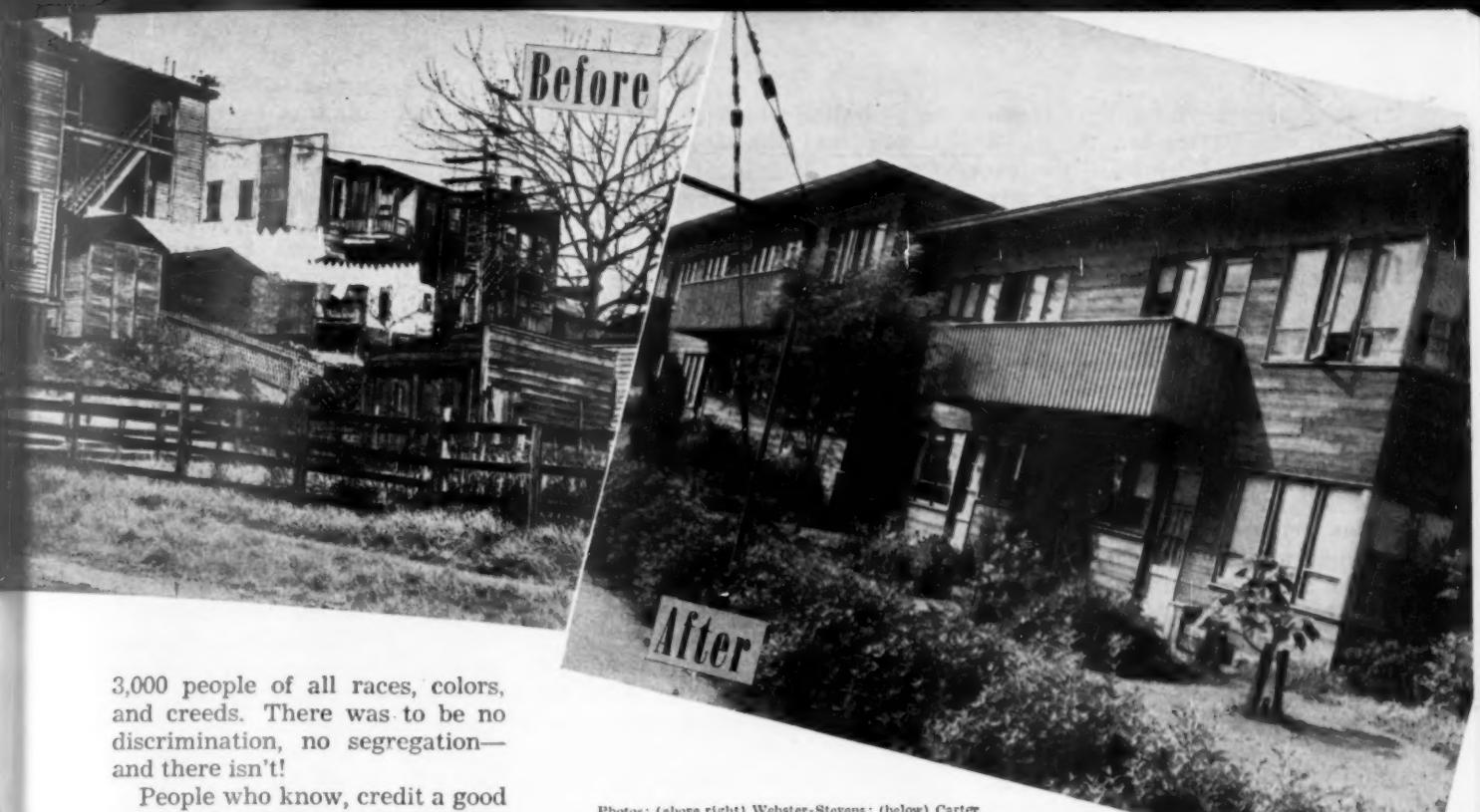
"Profanity Hill" was not, however, so named because of its bold females. No, in better days long gone the Courthouse had stood at the very top of Yesler Hill—which is its right name. Corpulent attorneys, puffing up the steep incline, swore so profusely that the entire district became known as "Profanity Hill." So the story goes.

The blight of the hill troubled and challenged many a Seattleite, you may be sure. One of them was Jesse Epstein, then executive director of the Seattle Housing Authority, who dreamed of and worked for the day when the old houses could come down and bright new ones arise in their places. And, chiefly through his leadership and the work of the Authority, it happened! Up rose Yesler Terrace, a low-rent housing development of 868 units housing some

Mrs. Frank Woo (Chinese) assists Dr. Paul S. Shigaya (Japanese) in a check-up of 4-year-old Judith Ann Day (Negro) at a baby clinic in the Chinese Baptist Church.

Photo: Carter





3,000 people of all races, colors, and creeds. There was to be no discrimination, no segregation—and there isn't!

People who know, credit a good part of the success of Yesler Terrace to a group of Rotarians who lived far from the Jackson Street Area. The late Harold Sanderson, for instance. Under him, the Rotary Youth Foundation sponsored a recreational program, hiring full-time supervisors, to prove to the Park Department the need for recreational supervision. School-age kids responded by the hundreds, not only from Yesler Terrace, but from the entire northwest section of the area. Crafts, boxing, basketball, baseball, Scout troops, high-lighted the program. When Rotarian Sanderson died in 1945, Cliff Rogers, George Ruggles, Frank Dupar, and other Rotarians carried on as chairmen of the Foundation. It took four years, but at last the Park Department was "sold" on the idea. There was a need for full-time recreational directors at Yesler Terrace. The department took over the job permanently.

Rescuing fallen neighborhoods is as possible in Shanghai and Singapore as it is in Seattle, but first the people in them must have the will to work together. There had been no such will in the Jackson Street area. Each race lived in its own section. The Japanese Chamber of Commerce controlled the Japanese, the Chong Wa kept the Chinese in line, and the local branch of the

Photos: (above right) Webster-Stevens; (below) Carter



The Jackson Street Council in session—with Negro, Chinese, Japanese, Caucasian, and Filipino representatives working together for the good of all. . . . (Below) An outing for youngsters sponsored by the Jewish Neighborhood House, though few Jews live in the area.



Filipino Intercommunity Organization of America saw to it that the Filipinos behaved. The few Negroes were no worry and city police took care of "the whites." There wasn't much trouble; neither was there any coöperation.

Matters worsened during the war, however. Population leaped with resultant crowding. Rackets flourished. Fortune telling and the "pigeon drop" were—and are—the most common gyps. Only recently a sailor bought 12 marijuana cigarettes at \$2 each, was caught and hauled into jail. He'd been a sucker to the tune of \$24, it turned out. Narcotics men found the cigarettes contained nothing but dried grass. A handful of Negro offenders are still giving the majority of fine colored people of the city great concern.

Yet it was also a Negro who, indirectly, set off the rise of community spirit that is beginning to bless the area. A leader of his race from Georgia, he addressed a 1945 meeting of the Council of Social Agencies. One of his listeners was Lynn Russell, of the Seattle YMCA. "Just what," Mr. Russell asked himself as he sat there, "is the Y doing for racial groups in the Jackson Street neighborhood?" At his suggestion, the Council called together some 20 representatives of social agencies, schools, churches, and the local housing project to consider what might be done about "the problems" of Jackson Street.

There could be no neighborhood improvement, it was seen, unless all groups worked together. Could they? Yesler Terrace stood as a sign that they could.

Yet you couldn't rebuild the whole area. Still maybe the various racial groups could do something about their shabby surroundings. In one month of intensive community effort, headed by a local Negro leader, thousands of homes and businesses were cleaned, scrubbed, and painted, and 46 loads of rubbish hauled away in seven borrowed trucks. It was one of the greatest clean-up campaigns in Seattle's history.

During that month the people discovered that they could work together, and before the paint was dry on their stores and homes, they formed a temporary

organization which quickly snowballed into the Jackson Street Community Council, a Red Feather Agency of the Community Chest. What it has overcome in the way of distrust, ignorance, and prejudice should give new heart to the United Nations. "Will your people serve on a committee with Negroes?" a Japanese leader was asked. "We wouldn't have before the war," he replied, "but we will now."

For the first time in the history of the area, five racial groups were sitting down together, two delegates from each of the numerous local organizations. Membership included people from the Japanese Buddhist Church, Negro Elks Lodge, Chinese Post of the American Legion, the Filipino Community, Urban League, and local P.T.A.

Civic, health, recreation, and welfare committees were formed. By pulling together, these formerly alienated races have accomplished the near impossible. They helped rid the area of rats, put on a second clean-up campaign. Broadcasting in three languages from a sound truck, they enticed nearly 2,000 people to a mobile unit for tuberculosis

thousands of kids at Christmas parties. In the last Community Chest campaign, when the city's average was only 95 percent, the business district of this neighborhood raised 243 percent of its quota—the highest record for any section!

Many problems, it is true, are still to be solved—such as better lighting and better housing. Numerous families are living in single hotel rooms, and 20 Japanese families are housed in a former Japanese language school, one family per classroom. But the voice of these people is strong now. The Council is backed by some 80 united organizations, with new memberships coming in monthly. Moreover, capable leaders are sprouting up, and taking over.

There is no reason why this Council cannot solve its many problems if it keeps to its simple approach of attacking present foes first, with eyes to the future. The difficult problem of diffusion of the minority races over broad areas, with consequent mixture with whites, is already being studied. These people want no "picturesque little Harlem," no "San Francisco-type Chinatown."

Because these racial groups feel that they are part of Seattle, their more foresighted leaders have learned to consider the city's needs first on measures affecting their community. Their horizons are ever broadening. Their creed, if condensed into writing, might well be used by all civic leaders throughout the world:

I will do all that I can for the good of my community
but

I shall oppose all measures not best for the city.

I will do all that I can for the good of my city
but

I shall oppose all measures not best for the State.

I will do all that I can for the good of my State
but

I shall oppose all measures not best for the country.

I will do all that I can for the good of my country
but

I shall oppose all measures not best for the world.



Children of all faiths learn of the picturesque Sukkoth Harvest Festival within Jewish Neighborhood House.

chest X rays. They've given hundreds of children free services at the Council's Well-Baby Clinic, staffed by Japanese, Chinese, and Negro doctors and dentists, and volunteer helpers from all five races. They have entertained

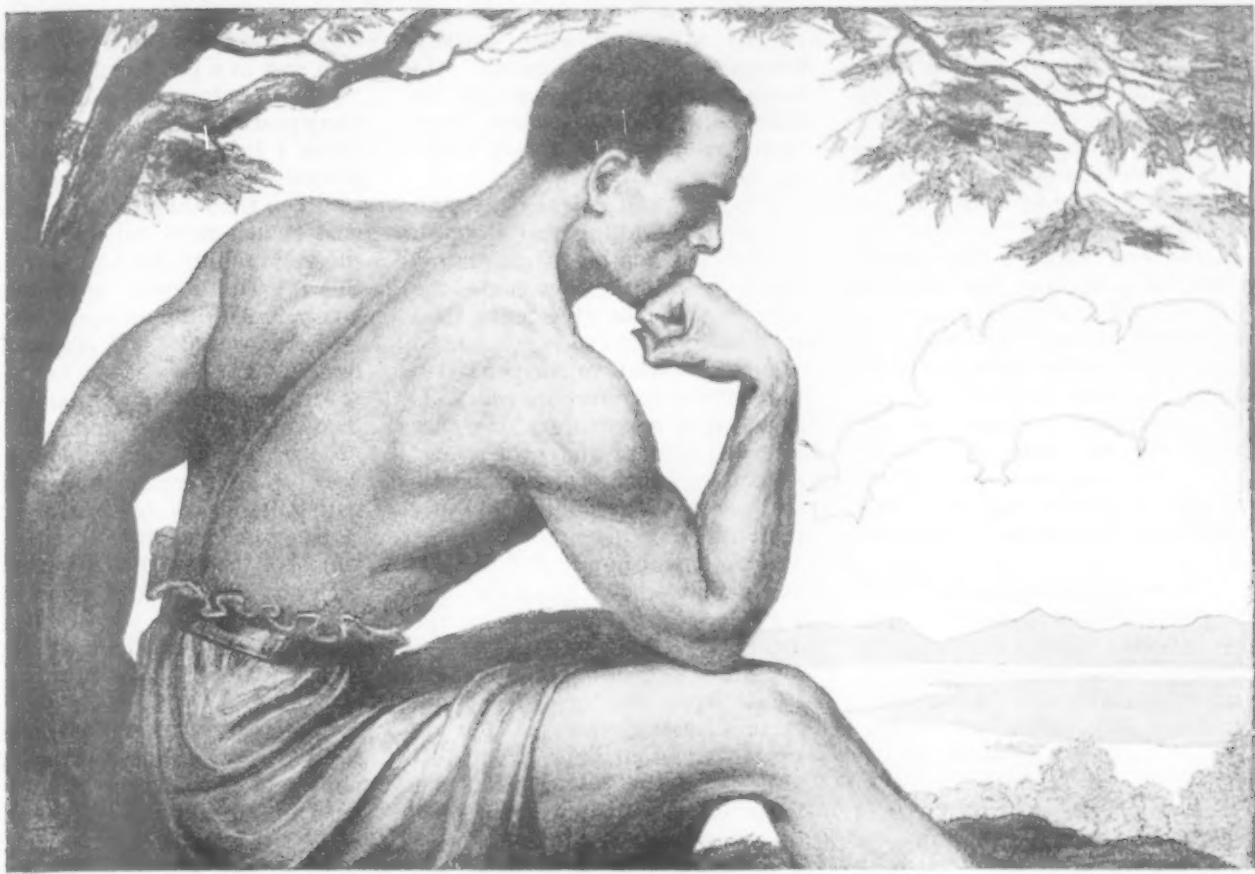


Illustration by W. T. Benda

Notes on Reaching Forty

AT MID-LIFE, THOUGHTFUL MEN KNOW THAT
THE SCENE HAS SHIFTED—AND REFLECT, AS DID THIS AUTHOR, ON THE MEANING OF IT.

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

ABOUT the time I passed my 40th birthday I began to realize that something strange and baffling had happened to me. My boyhood and my ambitious 20's and 30's had been rich in friendships and satisfactions. I had felt as one with the poets who write of the dew on the rose and the dawn-light of the East. But it was not so as I swung into my 40's. The scenes had shifted in the little drama of my life, and I was not at all sure I liked the change.

At first I thought the cause might lie within my body—but my physician laughed at my fears with "Perfectly normal!" My home life and my work could not, I knew, account for my troubled mind.

Then one day I confided in a

slightly older friend. I tried to explain how the rose tints had faded. He listened quietly.

"Life is never the same after 40," he finally said. "If you try to keep on living from the old viewpoint, you are sunk. You can keep on finding joy and satisfaction in life only if you readjust yourself to a new set of values."

I parried his remarks at the time, but since then have reflected upon them many times. My friend, I have concluded, was right.

Noon is not morning, nor will fretting make it morning. Time must get on. Midday has its own tasks and its satisfactions, but they are not those of the dawn. Facts do not change just because the human heart objects. The art

of living lies in understanding them and accepting them. They belong to what is now the time of day. The hand on the dial stands at 40? Very good, then. But don't try to move it backward.

At mid-life, physiological changes take place in one's body—and the mind also should shift its gears. The only question is whether or not the adjustment will be made gracefully and graciously. Some persons even in old age cut ludicrous, often saddening, figures as they attempt vainly to live in what Shakespeare termed "my salad days, when I was green in my judgment." Those who with zest turn from their dear but "dead days beyond recall" to new experiences have mastered the secret of living richly. Walter B.

Pitkin wrote truly. Life can begin at 40—if we are willing.

Up until then, we can live on dreams. And why not? We overflow with vigor. We have courage and the eastern slope beckons. It hasn't been done before? Ah, then we will do it. And the world applauds our effort. But experiences pile up and our abilities unreel short of our ambitions. Presently comes the realization that while many years may lie ahead, our lives have taken a pattern and the directions are set. Now, life demands reality. We who once looked so bravely up the hill to shining goals now must look to our hands to see what they actually hold.

Not long ago I was in the study of a man who had set great store by his diplomas and degrees. Framed parchments had long decorated the walls, for he had often marched in academic processions. But that day the walls were bare.

"I took them down and put them away," he explained. "If I have absorbed any culture, it should show for itself. That is all that is important. If I have to show evidence that I have been to school, something is wrong."

He was in his early 40's. He had simply reached the time when fuss and feathers had lost their meaning, and he was at last con-

cerned only with what actually becomes a part of himself. He sensed the truth, spoken by Goethe, that the world loves young men "for what they promise to be."

When a man reaches his 40th milestone, coddling has stopped. Admiration has been transmuted into expectation. Now comes the time for him to give more than he receives. And such is balanced justice of the law of compensation that the new responsibility is matched by opportunity. It comes in our business and professions, schools and churches, service clubs and trade organizations, and in politics.

Prosaic and humdrum? Yes, if we make it so. Dramatic and thrilling? The answer is the same. If we have wrung from our experiences a new set of values, if we have truly grown up, we start a new chapter in the romance that our lives write. It will be themed to the fact that labor and responsibility and service to others are what truly enrich our personalities and yield our deepest satisfactions.

There is an old story about two men walking through the woods on a late Autumn day. The branches were bare, and russet leaves were lying in drifts. The clear-blue sky was visible all the

way to the horizon. One of the men was in a pensive mood.

"The landscape has certainly changed since the Spring day when I last saw it," he said regretfully. "Then the trees were so green that the ground was one vast shade, with only a fleck of sunshine falling through here and there. The woods are not so lovely in Autumn as in Spring."

"Perhaps not," his companion replied, "but one can see farther."

Autumn is not Spring, but it has its own set of values and compensations. Every season does. If you try to compare one season with another, or look in one for satisfaction peculiar to another, you spoil both. But if you take each and appreciate it for what it is and has to give, you discover it has come with gifts comparable to any that others have brought or can bring.

That is the way with being 40. No matter what one does, he cannot make 17 of it, nor should he wish to. It is a glorious thing to be 17, but it can happen only once. It is no less wonderful to be 40, if one is not still trying to be 17.

Time is not our enemy. It seeks not to impoverish us, but to enrich us. It may take away the lighting effects, but the play goes on. You can't put the dew back on the rose—but you still have the rose.



Here's What Walter P. Pitkin Says:

We thought the author of Life Begins at Forty would be interested in this article. He was—and here are his enlightening comments.—Editors.

IN the very week when I first read Mr. Flynn's charming article, three more people—all strangers—told me that they too had lately turned 40 and were getting more out of life than ever before. Each described what he was now doing, and I had to smile as I observed that all three were getting more out of life by giving more to life. Yet not one had noticed this.

One, a middle-aged woman, had taken over the management of a very hard little business virtually abandoned by its owners, who had moved. A second, a la-di-dah dilettante painter who had aimlessly daubed his way through life, living on a small income the while, was now teaching with brilliant success. A third had finally grown up to a full sense of responsibility "just

by growing older"—so he said—and his firm observed the event and promptly put him in charge of an important department.

Mr. Flynn is wise in his remark that, through early life, all of us take more than we give; but the time comes when, having taken much, we must turn it to good account by giving out. Only thus can the human race march onward and upward. For the young must always take from the elders; and if the elders cannot or will not give their best, then society withers at its tap root.

Men revel in dreams throughout their youth. Later they must face realities. I like to put this same thought thus: Youth delights in wishful thinking. Middle age must find its peculiar delight in thoughtful wishing.

Why stop wishing, after 40?

Why not wish as strongly as ever, but put all the seasoned thoughts of the first 40 years behind the wish? Think it over! (If you wish!)

Sing Sing Doctor

ABOUT THE FULL LIFE
OF AMOS OSBORNE SQUIRE.

YOU MEET a Dr. Amos O. Squire just briefly somewhere—say, at a Rotary Convention in Rio—and, catching only his name, you picture him in his native habitat back in Ossining, New York, as, yes—that's it!—a fine family physician with a good steady practice. The image is so clear that it persists even after you learn the startling truth. . . .

Which is, that this friendly man of gentle manner has witnessed 138 executions of murderers, has personally investigated 11,000 murders and other violent deaths, and has spent most of his 50 years as a medical doctor among convicted criminals.

For Dr. Amos Squire, as thousands know, is the one-time Sing Sing doctor (from 1910 to 1925) whose book by that name about his work in the famed prison was widely read in America and Britain in the '30s. He is—or, rather, was—the one and only medical examiner for New York's Westchester County. That office, which he filled for 23 years until his retirement last June, corresponds to coroner, but is said to be a large refinement of it. At any rate, it called upon him to make personal investigations of 9,800 unnatural deaths and kept him travelling some 3,000 miles a month.

It was 1899 when young Dr. Squire, a native of Cold Spring, New York, hung up his shingle and his diploma from Columbia "U" in Ossining. Soon he married, acquired a daughter, became county coroner, then city health officer, then chief physician at Sing Sing. It was the rule in those days, he recalls, that the prison doctor must give the signal for the throwing of the switch in the death house. "The horror of that one duty grew on me," he says, "until I could not longer bear it." When, near the breaking point, he could no longer separate the condemned man's pulse from his own in his stethoscope, he heeded family entreaties and resigned.

"Capital punishment is a sadistic rite that should be rooted out of society." That is and always has been the Doctor's view. For one thing, he holds that

it is no deterrent to murderers, who come, he believes, in four types: The insane—who do not fear execution; the violently emotional—who are indifferent to death; the gangsters—who view "the chair" as a professional risk; and the schemers—who think they are too smart to be caught.

Is there a "criminal physiognomy"? In examining 20,000 convicted criminals Dr. Squire found no sign of it . . . no physical characteristics common enough to indicate an antisocial nature. What he did find was a great need for medical rehabilitation. One large group of convicts showed 45 percent bad vision,



Dr. Squire—his dogs, car, and home—in Ossining, N. Y.

76 percent poor teeth, 60 percent venereal-disease records.

And what can ordinary citizens do to reduce crime? "Serve on juries willingly. Help to see that young first offenders get a second chance. Aid character-building agencies. Remember your own children."

The need for a strong agency interested in youth was one thing that led Dr. Squire to start the Ossining Rotary Club in 1921; he was its first President. Ten years later he served his Rotary District as Governor. In 1935-36 he was a Director of Rotary International. "We may not realize it," he wrote in this magazine in September, 1935, "but Rotary provides mental hygiene in that it gives men an opportunity to get a truer perspective on their problems, and so to 'find themselves' again. Rotary is thus an antidote for what scientists call 'flights from reality.'" More recently (September, 1946, issue) he reported to fellow Rotarians on the birth of the World Health Organization, a U. N. body, which he witnessed.

And now that "Amos" is retired? Well, he may do some writing and lecturing on the social hazards of barbituric compounds, on capital punishment, and on other personal crusades which he has had to neglect. He'll keep up his work as director of the New York Society for Crippled Children and his affiliations with many medical societies. He'll be at the Rainbow Rest Wednesday noons when the Ossining Rotary Club meets. And he'll go on attending Rotary's international Conventions—his score being 26 so far. And that will be easy for him next June. An hour's drive down along the Hudson and he's at Madison Square Garden.

*Unusual
Rotarians*

New Hope for the Stutterer

WHAT CAUSES HIS HANDICAP IS NOT WHOLLY KNOWN,

BUT THE SCIENCE OF TREATING IT IMPROVES STEADILY.

By Charlotte Paul

THE young man had obvious ability. He was handsome, honest, well educated. When a much better position in the firm opened up, it was offered to him. It meant a higher salary, of course, and greater responsibility; more important, it was his first real opportunity to show what he could do. But he turned down the job.

Why? He stuttered. He was "afraid to talk on the telephone."

Had he tried—*had he believed in himself*—he could have arranged to let others do the telephoning. But like many a "speech cripple," he lacked self-confidence. Having stuttered since childhood, he thought his case incurable. By saying in effect, "This is as far as I can go," he had reached the end of the line before he had begun.

You may know such people. In the United States alone there are about 1,400,000—one out of every 100—whose lives are warped or actually ruined by a speech handicap they need not have.

For reasons unknown, there are approximately nine times more male than female stutterers. They suffer from every maladjustment in the psychiatrist's book. They avoid people; they hold jobs that are not good enough for them, or are penniless because they cannot hold any job at all. They are suspicious of their friends (who might be laughing at them), and jealous of their wives (who might be attracted to "normal" men). Case histories of stutterers show shockingly large proportions of broken marriages, business failures, and suicides.

And yet they can be helped—by those who know how. Lack of "know-how" on the part of teachers, family, friends, and, most of all, parents keeps us from treating stuttering correctly. Actually, it is such ignorance

that causes at least 50 percent of the stuttering in the first place.

Jack—a boy in my own family—is a typical case

He was a bright child; at 3 and 4 he kept up with 5- and 6-year-olds. But he was high strung and underweight. His parents' bickering over what and how much he should eat, as well as their frequent loud discussions in his presence about money and housing problems, increased his nervousness. He didn't eat normally or gain weight. When he entered school, a time of emotional strain for every child, the precarious balance was lost. "Something snapped"—and Jack began to stutter a bit.

His parents noticed it and were deeply disturbed. If it had been a case of measles or chicken pox, they would have called the doctor immediately. But since their little boy's "illness" was a speech defect, they were content to use "commonsense" and the well-meaning but abysmally inadequate advice of neighbors and friends.

"Commonsense" suggested that Jack stuttered because he was talking too fast—so they interrupted him every time he faltered, cautioning, "Now, say that again, dear. You can say it right if you want to." Thus they called the defect to his attention, which convinced him he was different from other children. When Jack "refused to coöperate," his parents scolded. Thus he learned that he was different in some way that was bad.

An "old wives' tale" from a neighbor told of a cure achieved by taking a deep breath before trying to talk. Another friend had heard "some place" that all stuttering results from training a left-handed child to use his right hand. He advised Jack's parents to "change the child back" by forcing

him to use his left hand. Jack's parents tried to put both suggestions into practice.

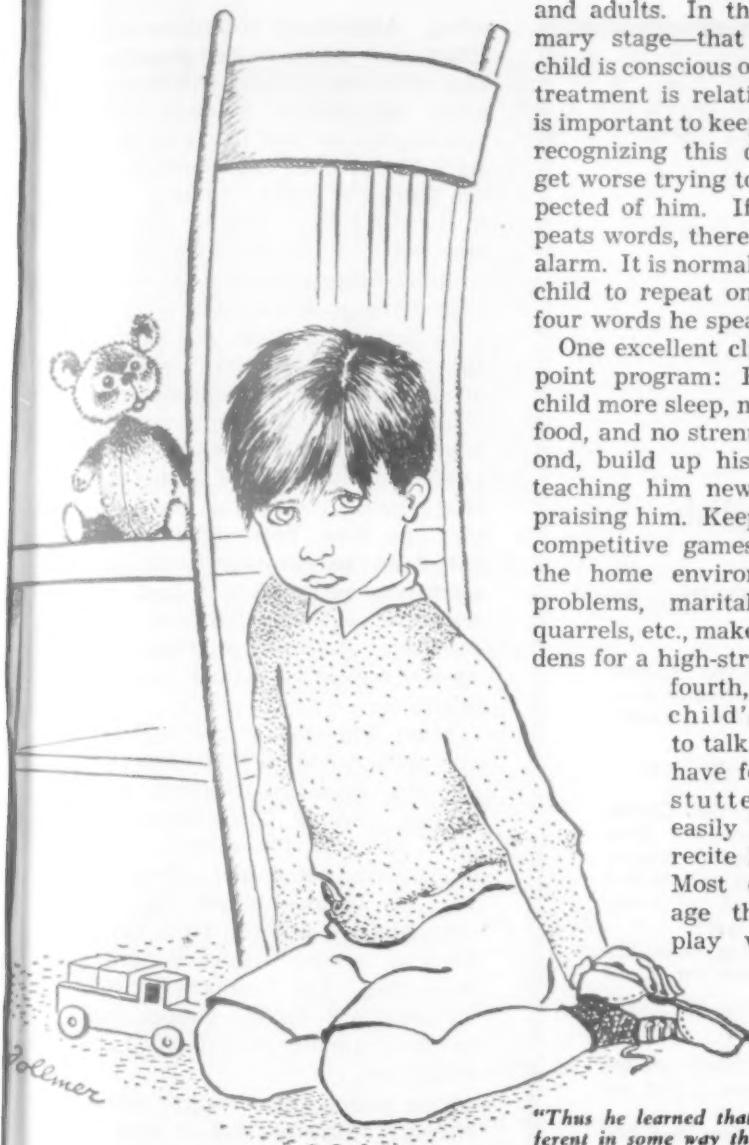
They were worried by Jack's school grades when he had always been so bright. The truth was that when the teacher called on him, he avoided reciting by pretending he did not know the answer. In other ways also he began the practice common to all stutterers—running-away from people, from success, from life itself.

GRADUALLY he developed the stutterer's grotesque gestures and grimaces—in the effort to talk, his neck muscles tightened, his mouth turned down, his hands beat wild circles in the air. For a while he began all sentences with "But now . . ."; the two words were a kind of jumping-off point for any remark. But soon those words didn't help him; he had to invent another "charm" to get him started, and soon still another. He grew conscious—and ashamed—of the way he looked and sounded, and the way other children stared at him. So he began to "talk" with gestures—a shrug of the shoulders, a lift of the hands—or simply to shun the other children so that he wouldn't have to talk at all. Jack was an "incurable stutterer" by the time he was 11 years old, and full credit for that was due his parents.

There is nothing unusual about Jack's case—and there are millions of Jacks. Fortunately 90 percent of them can be helped until their handicap is not noticeable—and thus ceases to be a handicap. Letting the Jacks outgrow their trouble seldom succeeds. Training by experts is needed.

Strictly speaking, stuttering cannot be "cured" after adolescence, only "controlled." No one knows its exact cause. One doctor calls it a "neuromuscular kink"—some kink in the nervous system





"Thus he learned that he was different in some way that was bad."

interrupts the flow of nerve impulses to the muscles and speech organs. But no one knows the location of the kink.

What we do know is that it lasts only a fraction of a second: the frantic gestures, the desperate facial contortions, of the chronic stutterer are simply the result of panic. University of Iowa experts describe stuttering as a "device to prevent stuttering." A man starts stammering before speaking, not in speaking. If you could erase the panic, the kink would be unnoticeable—and that would mean, as far as the world at large is concerned, that the patient was "cured." In short, teaching a person not to stutter is accomplished by teaching him to control his fear of stuttering.

Of course, children must be handled differently from adolescents

and adults. In the so-called primary stage—that is, before the child is conscious of his difficulty—treatment is relatively simple. It is important to keep the child from recognizing this defect. He will get worse trying to do what is expected of him. If he merely repeats words, there is no cause for alarm. It is normal for a preschool child to repeat one out of every four words he speaks.

One excellent clinic has a four-point program: First, give the child more sleep, more nourishing food, and no strenuous play. Second, build up his confidence by teaching him new skills and by praising him. Keep him out of all competitive games. Third, relax the home environment. Money problems, marital unhappiness, quarrels, etc., make too heavy burdens for a high-strung child. And, fourth, increase the child's opportunities to talk. Speech clinics have found that most stutterers can sing easily and many can recite lines in a play. Most clinics encourage the children to play with toy tele-

phones. A child thus treated has a 50-50 chance of outgrowing his stuttering completely.

It is not so simple to help children who recognize their defect. The way to "cure" a child unaware of his trouble is to keep him that way, while helping a confirmed stutterer consists of making him face his handicap matter-of-factly. In doing this the successful speech clinics use techniques that appear ridiculous, even cruel—but they work.

At the University of Minnesota clinics, for example, stutterers sit for hours before full-length mirrors. There they watch their own hideous expressions and gestures while talking with other stutterers and clinicians. Once the patients have seen themselves at their very worst, they attain a degree of objectivity—and a sense

of humor. The next step is to send them out to make public speeches about stuttering!

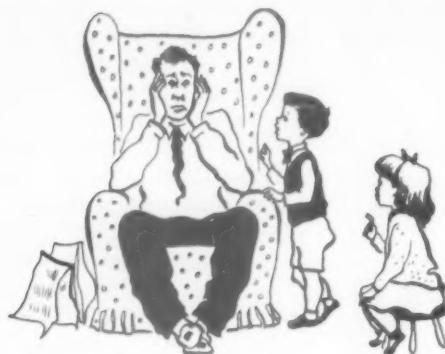
Stutterers hate and avoid telephones—so the clinics are full of them. Job hunting is another stutterers' nemesis—clinics therefore send their patients out to apply for jobs. They dread being conspicuous. That's why one clinic sent a student to a store on the strange errand of faking a violent stuttering spasm for two minutes, then running out in feigned desperation. The next day he was instructed to return to the store and explain it all to the clerk. Stutterers dislike to talk—they are forced not only to talk, but to talk *with a stutterer*. Dr. Charles Van Riper, of Western Michigan College, believes anyone who can stutter at will, will be less likely to do it otherwise.

Stutterers like to hide; since childhood they have run away from everything. Curing them is mainly a matter of dragging them out into the light. Often it is a long and painful process. But the clinics qualified to give stutterers scientific treatment report a large percentage of cures—one claims 95 percent of all stutterers can be helped.

As far as our understanding of stuttering is concerned, we have advanced very little beyond the days when the defect was "cured" by actually clipping pieces out of the tongue. Aristotle said that stuttering was caused by a faulty construction of the tongue—and few of us know enough to deny it.

Even now quacks sell a device invented in the 19th Century—a narrow silver tube curved to lie along the middle of the tongue, plus a neck belt and spring placed over the Adam's apple! They are no more helpful, of course, than is splitting the tongue. This was actually done 100 years ago, a treatment which killed many and cured none.

Less obvious, but no less phony, are the "speech schools" with guaranteed cures for stuttering. One survey showed that out of 60 "guaranteed cures," all but one of the "permanently cured" still stuttered. Parents make the mistake of thinking that if, through this or that home-grown treatment, their child's speech improves, he is therefore recov-



I Give Up the Kids' English

By Charles D. Rice, Jr.

I SOMETIMES wonder if the advantages of correct English are all they are cracked up to be. My children apparently don't think so; they run roughshod over the language, and they understand each other perfectly.

But when I say in careful, basic English, "It's time to go to bed," I might as well be speaking in Arabic.

The other day my daughter was discussing the Charlie McCarthy program with my son. She kept referring to Edna Bergen and he spoke of Emerald Bergen or Admiral Bergen. At any rate, the confusion didn't bother them a bit until I suggested that the name was Edgar. They laughed me down. Who, they said, ever heard of anyone named Edgar?

My daughter is in second grade and has a singing class. She came home humming "Oh! Susanna" and we asked her if she knew the words. "Certainly," she said:

"For I'm going to Louisiana
And I'll bend you on my knee."

My wife started to explain that it should be "banjo on my knee," but my daughter said that didn't make sense. I told my wife to drop it.

My son lost his mittens when he was out playing and said probably the Lost and Frowned Department had them. I thought it over and decided he was right. I remember the time I lost a new raincoat on the train. I frowned plenty.

My children not only rearrange words, they rearrange whole basic concepts. For instance, they are fully convinced that when the siren blows, it means that the firemen are going out to set a fire. This troubles them because they always expect our house to be next on the list. I've told them they're crazy, but they're so positive I'm beginning to worry myself.

The fact that I write for a living confuses my children—almost as much as it does me. My son plays chopsticks on the piano and says he hopes someday he'll be able to play the typewriter. *I point out that the typewriter is not allied to the piano, since it makes no musical sound. He points out that I'm wrong—a bell rings when I finish a line. I'm wrong.*

The most serious case, though, involves a point of theology. My children are forever going about the house saying, "Oh, Harold wouldn't like that"; or, "Just you wait, Harold will punish you—Harold can see everything."

Since there is no Harold among our friends or relations, I have been curious as to who this extraordinary Harold might be. The other night I found out.

I overheard them saying their prayers: "Our Father who art in heaven, Harold be Thy name."

I can only add, AMEN!

(Reprinted by permission of *This Week Magazine*)



ering. Almost any technique will effect *some* cures — temporarily. But with each ill-advised treatment, the patient is more convinced that he will never be better. The deeper this conviction, the harder it will be to help him in the right way. The temporary cure, created and administered by well-meaning parents, does much more harm than good.

In fact, nine times out of ten the parents must be "treated" ahead of their handicapped children. Again and again doctors hear, "Sonny talks all right at the clinic, but he stutters at home." Recognizing the root of the trouble, one New York clinic established a "parentorium," for the education of parents. And it's with the parents that any constructive general program for speech education would have to begin.

Many universities and colleges and some school systems are conducting speech-correction programs. Saving the stammerer is good business for society. The stammerer is not stupid. One survey of feeble-minded children showed they suffered from every kind of speech disorder except stuttering. The handicap is twice as prevalent among college students as among persons of lesser education.

One famous psychologist was a chronic stammerer and is said to have spoken hardly a dozen words before his tenth birthday. However, his "I.Q." (intelligence quotient) was about 180, making him one in 3 million. Had he not been salvaged by speech-correction experts, psychological research would have been set back several years!

Saving the stammerer is surprisingly inexpensive. The annual extra cost in U. S. public schools for treating the blind, deaf, crippled, and mentally defective child ranges from \$250 to \$500; for the stammerer it is about \$10. That's a small expenditure to salvage even a fair portion of the billion-dollar economic loss which, it has been estimated, the U. S. alone suffers through disordered speech victims.

Infinitely more important than the economics of it, though, is the giving to the millions of little Jacks a chance to live happy lives.

THE OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

This Rotary Month

News Notes from 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago

Angus Back. President Angus Mitchell returned in mid-September from his Rotary-tour . . . through Northwestern Canada, Alaska, down the Pacific Coast, and back to Chicago . . . enthusiastic over the achievements of Clubs in the area he visited, more confident than ever that Rotary has an important word to say in these parlous days. On-the-spot reports preceded him . . . how throngs of Rotarians and their wives turned out to hear him,

were impressed by his thoughtful sincerity, delighted with his puckish sense of humor, were happy to shower on this modest Australian their choicest hospitality.

Busy October. These six major Rotary meetings are scheduled in Chicago:

Magazine Committee.....	October 4-5
Rotary Foundation Trustees.....	October 6
Council of Past Presidents.....	October 7-11
Committee on International Affairs.....	October 14-15
Aims and Objects Committee.....	October 18-19
Finance Committee.....	October 20-22

Observing. Official "observer" for Rotary International at the current U. N. General Assembly meeting in Paris is Yves Glotin, Bordeaux, France. (For preview of some problems there to be discussed see page 8, September issue.)

Acting. The Netherlands East Indies are in District 79, and D. F. van Slooten, of Buitenzorg, Java, has been appointed by President Mitchell as Acting Governor until the office has been regularly filled.

Vive la Paix! If there's someone in your family who reads French, a welcome gift would be the 130-page book recently printed by Rotary at Nice, France. It's titled "Pour que Vive la Paix en un Monde Meilleur" (in order that peace shall live in a better world) and consists of translations of specially significant articles from "The Rotarian," as edited by Past Director Charles Jourdan-Gassin. Copies (25 cents) may be ordered from the Secretariat, address above.

Re: Candidates. This is from the RI Board, merits serious attention of Rotarians everywhere: "The Board looks with disfavor upon any activity to publicize a candidate for Director of RI which tends to depreciate the dignity of the office and/or involves an unreasonable expenditure of money." The By-Laws of RI provide that any Rotary Club in the United States of America which intends to propose a candidate for the office of Director of RI from a zone in the U.S.A. should so notify the Secretary of RI, but not prior to the publication of the announcement of the Nominating Committee for President of RI of its nominee for that office.

Report. To all Rotary Clubs has been sent a booklet carrying the report of the Drafting Committee on Rewriting the Constitutional Documents of RI. (Charles W. Pettengill, Greenwich, Conn., U.S.A.; Raymond J. Knoepfle, New York, N. Y., U.S.A.; Crawford C. McCullough, Fort William, Ont., Canada). The report contains the draft of the revised Constitution and By-laws of RI with suggested additions underlined to facilitate consideration by Rotarians interested in this effort to make the organization more effective.

Vital Statistics. As of August 25, there were 6,597 Rotary Clubs. New and re-established Clubs since July 1 totalled 58 in 19 countries.

ROTARY

MEET 38 AMBITIOUS YOUNG



Leonard Stuart Bell, of Strathfield, Australia, is a graduate of the law school of the University of Sydney. He will attend McGill "U" in Montreal, Canada.



A former officer in the Air Corps, Charles A. Bergeron, of Albion, N. Y., is headed for a career in international service. He will attend the University of Paris.

Otto R. Borch, of Copenhagen, plans a career with the Danish Foreign Service. He speaks German and English fluently, and is going to study at Columbia "U."



A graduate of the University of Bologna, in his home city, Franco Bosielli, of Italy, will further his studies in electrical engineering at M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.



Abraham Bueso-Arias, of Tela, Honduras, plans to continue his studies at the University of Louisiana, one of the schools in United States which he has already attended.



Mere, England, is home to Geoffrey N. Burton, who has written a book on his experiences as a prisoner of war. He will study at Harvard, preparing to be an educator.

Donald F. Cate, a graduate of Pacific "U," and who spent most of his four-year Army hitch out in the Pacific, will attend the University of Bern, in Switzerland.



When Cheng Che-Min enrolls at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, he will be majoring in mechanical engineering. His home is in Shanghai, China.



A graduate of Trinity College, in Dublin, John Cruickshank, of Belfast, Northern Ireland, will study in Paris. He was with the British Foreign Office during the war.



Frederick Davies, of Abertillery, England, who saw six years' service with the British Army, will study at McGill University in Montreal. He is a Jesus College grad.

Norton T. Dodge graduated from Cornell University with honors. Now the Northfield, Vt., youth plans to go to the University of Stockholm, in far-away Sweden.



John M. Fraser, of Port Chalmers, New Zealand, saw naval action at Sicily, Salerno, and Anzio. Graduate of Otago "U," he will study at the University of California.



Gerald J. Gaynor, of Toledo, Ohio, a Denison "U" graduate who starred in the North-South intersectional football contest last Fall, will attend the "U" of Paris.



An Army veteran and graduate of Kansas University, Robert O. Gibbons, of Howard, Kans., is going to spend the year as a student at Cambridge "U" in England.



Richard L. Colquette, of St. Louis, Mo., attended the University of Paris after the war. A Washington, D. C., graduate, he will study at the University of Geneva.



Latin America is the major field of study of Richard L. Colquette, of El Dorado, Ark. An L.S.U. grad, he will attend the University of San Marcos, in Lima, Peru.



A career in politics is the goal of P. E. Dempsey, of Auckland, New Zealand. He holds two degrees from England "U" and plans to attend London "U" this year.



Editor of the *Pioneer Herald* in Dagupan City, The Philippines, Ermin Garcia is going to pursue a course in journalism at Columbia University in New York City.



Another veteran is Lawrence E. Harvey, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. He holds a degree from Adelbert College and plans to go to the University of Paris, in France.

Y FELLOWS

YOUNG WHO WILL STUDY ABROAD.

merit. Several have war records that read like fiction.

The Fellowship stipends range from \$2,000 to \$4,000 to make possible advanced study for these men—every one a college graduate—in a school of their choice. Last year there were 18 Fellows. This year, with the \$450,000 fund authorized by the 1948 Convention, there can be these 38.



Gerald H. Hones
was an officer in the British Navy during the war. He lives in Fowey, England, studied in Exeter, and plans to attend Clark "U" at Worcester, Mass.



Ralph R. Johnson, of Boonton, N. J., was with the Navy in The Philippines and Shanghai. A graduate of Wesleyan "U," he intends to study at Oxford, in England.



A graduate of McGill "U," *John R. M. Kilpatrick*, of Montreal, Que., Canada, will attend Cambridge, in England. He served 3½ years in the Canadian Navy.

David M. Lang, of Bath, England, speaks four languages, and served with the British Army Intelligence Corps in Persia during the war. He will study in France.



A former reporter for the Iola Daily Register, *Emerson E. Lynn*, of Iola, Kans., is going to study at the University of Melbourne. He is a "U" of Chicago grad.



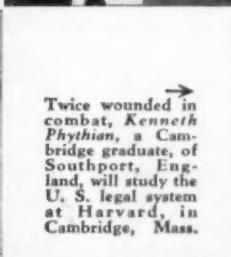
José Raul Mansilla, of Santiago del Estero, Argentina, a graduate of the National University of Tucumán, plans to study psychology at the "U" of Mexico, in Mexico City.



An honor graduate from Yale, *David S. McLellan*, of Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y., will attend the Graduate Institute of International Studies, in Switzerland.



International relations will be the specialty of *Donald R. McVeigh*, of Wheeling, W. Va., at the Sorbonne, in Paris. A Colgate graduate, he is an ex-Army officer.



Twice wounded in combat, *Kenneth P. Myhrian*, a Cambridge graduate, of Southport, England, will study the U. S. legal system at Harvard, in Cambridge, Mass.



John M. Prior, of Croydon, England, plans to be a university lecturer. A graduate of the "U" of London, he will study at Columbia University, in New York City.



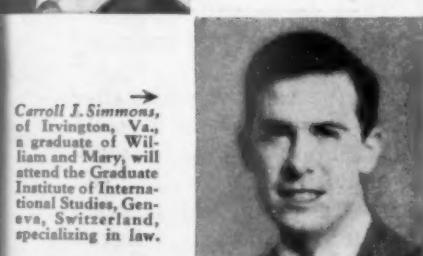
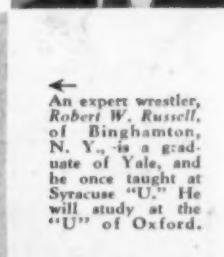
Clifford A. L. Rich, of Pasadena, Calif., will study at the Instituto Italiano di Studi Storici, in Naples, Italy. He is a graduate of the "U" of Southern California.



An interpreter with the Army during the war, *Robert W. Riche*, of Waseca, Minn., will study at the "U" of Zurich, in Switzerland. He is a graduate of Carleton College.



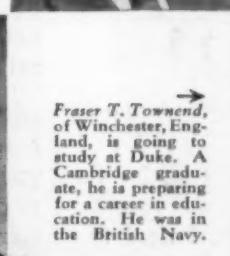
Fraser T. Townsend, of Winchester, England, is going to study at Duke. A Cambridge graduate, he is preparing for a career in education. He was in the British Navy.



Carroll J. Simmons, of Irvington, Va., a graduate of William and Mary, will attend the Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva, Switzerland, specializing in law.



Another student at the University of Paris is going to be *Dale Cairns Thompson*, of Fort Assiniboine, Alta., Canada. He is a graduate of the University of Alberta.



Another veteran of the Air Corps is *Joseph C. Wheeler*, of Concord, Mass. A Bowdoin graduate, he will study at Geneva's Graduate Institute of International Studies.



James G. Ulmer Jr., of Tyler, Tex., returned to get his degree at M.I.T. after a tour of duty with the Air Corps of the U. S. Army. He will study at Cambridge "U."



Marshall Windmiller, an Army veteran, will attend the University of Paris. He has a degree from the College of the Pacific, and lives in Stockton, Calif.

Relax Where It Does the Most Good



"She would rub camphor on her forehead, behind each ear, on her throat."

AS A SMALL BOY, I used to feel sorry for Grandmother when she took the large round bottle of spirits of camphor from the mantle beside the old clock. I knew that meant she was tired, or worried, or had a headache.

She would take the bottle to her favorite rocking chair, turn the chair with its back to the window, sit down with a sigh, then rub a

Grandmother's camphor bottle contained no magic potion, but it helped her to 'let down'—to drop 'residual tensions,' in the language of her scholarly grandson.

By Donald A. Laird

Author, Lecturer, and Psychologist

little of the camphor on her forehead, behind each ear, and on her throat.

Then Grandmother would close her eyes and relax. I can still see her distinctly as I watched in sympathetic puzzlement from my perch on a footstool.

As she sat motionless in the rocker, her face would change. The lines of age seemed to disappear and I forgot she was a semi-invalid. Her cherubic round face became oval as her jaw muscles relaxed and let her chin drop; this, especially, always interested me.

Presently she would stir again. Her face became roundish once more. Some of the wrinkles came back, but it always looked to me as though the camphor had wiped some of them away. With a condescending smile to me, she would labor to her feet and return to her housework, refreshed.

I tried those mysterious spirits of camphor a few times myself. But all they did was to bring tears as I inhaled them too strongly, or hurt my eyes when a few drops trickled into them. Camphor never made me relaxed and cheerful as it did Grandmother.

"Someday when you are old enough," she would say, "you will find how it helps folks feel better." There were so many things I had to wait until I was older to understand!

I had almost forgotten about the camphor until some discoveries in relaxation brought the memories back vividly. Now I know the camphor did help Grandmother relax—it was not just an old-fashioned belief.

"My doctor told me I needed to relax," a friend in advertising work said recently. "But last

night the more I tried to relax, the wider awake I became. What is the secret?"

He was a high-pressure worker. Each day was one of tense activity. He was always on the jump, always taut. Facial muscles were drawn so that premature lines had appeared. He claimed the only way he could relax was to take a few quick drinks, so he kept a whisky bottle in his desk drawer.

"Let me see you relax," I said.

"What? In this chair?"

"Of course. Go ahead and relax!"

He slumped down in the chair, his shoulders sagged forward, cramping his chest. He began to tap the floor with both feet, in waltz tempo.

"You have confused poor posture with relaxing," I said. I told him about Grandmother and her camphor bottle, and showed how she relaxed her *residual tensions*.

"We do not need to worry about the tenseness in arms, legs, or trunk muscles," I explained. "When people try to relax, it is usually those muscles they try to let go. They slump, slide down in their chairs, act lazy, and imagine they are relaxing."

"We can be relaxed while sitting erect, or standing in a good posture. Slumping like a wet dishrag is not relaxing."

"I know a prominent author who lies down to relax. I have seen him dictating while lying down, but his brow was wrinkled, and one hand was clenched, the way you were waltzing. He was not relaxed—just lying down tensed."

"A college president would tilt back in his swivel chair, close his eyes, daydream—and drum the arms of his chair with his fingers.

He thought he was relaxing, but he was not.

"But Grandmother really relaxed, thanks to the cooling camphor and perhaps to luck. Just think of her and you have the key to real relaxation—especially if you remember where she applied the camphor—on the forehead, behind her ears, and a final touch on her throat."

He thought of those three groups of small muscles, relaxed them, and, as they relaxed, unlocked the tension of his entire body. He was not slumping now, but actually relaxing for the first time in many years, and right in his office, without any funny exercises or gymnastics.

It is the small groups of muscles that retain residual tensions after we try to let the big muscles go, and the small muscles spread their tenseness to the rest of the body. Forget the big muscles—relax the small ones where Grandmother applied the camphor, and they will unlock the others.

THE TINGLING sensation which the camphor produced on her brow, behind her ears, and at the throat focused her attention on these muscles, and she relaxed them. The camphor probably did nothing more than remind her where to relax.

It is astonishing to watch a large audience as I tell them to imagine the camphor tingling on their foreheads, and to relax there. Then to imagine the camphor daubed behind the ears—and relax there. Then the throat and lower jaw. Without any slumping, one can see the lines erased from their faces. They are a more relaxed audience to talk to, for they have eliminated the residual tensions from the small muscles which are usually neglected, yet which irradiate their tenseness to the rest of the body. Voluntarily relax these three small groups of muscles, and the big muscles instantly get in step. Voluntarily tense these three small groups of muscles, and the big muscles tense, too.

The advertising man had put a pillow under his knees, in a vain effort to relax. As soon as he discovered the secret of relaxing at these three crucial points, his legs relaxed of their accord.

He bought a small bottle of spirits of camphor and kept it on his desk for a while. He used the camphor only a couple times, but kept it in front of him as a reminder to let the brow, scalp, and throat muscles go.

It is wise to keep these muscles relaxed most of the time, not merely on special occasions when we find ourselves worn or irritable. Keeping them relaxed helps ward off weariness and irritation.

Some cue, such as the magic-working genie in the camphor bottle on the desk, is useful to remind one to relax where it does the most good, until this relaxation becomes habitual.

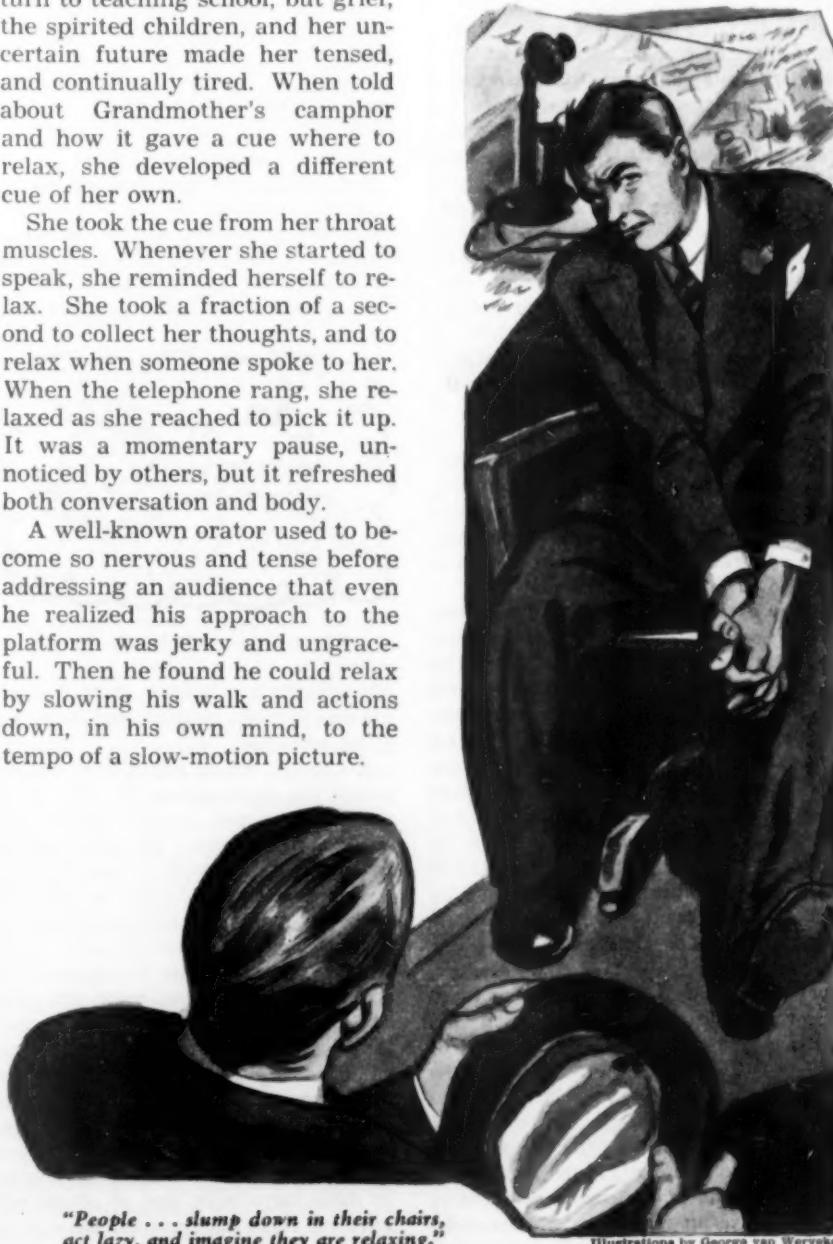
A traffic accident left a young woman a widow. She had to return to teaching school, but grief, the spirited children, and her uncertain future made her tensed, and continually tired. When told about Grandmother's camphor and how it gave a cue where to relax, she developed a different cue of her own.

She took the cue from her throat muscles. Whenever she started to speak, she reminded herself to relax. She took a fraction of a second to collect her thoughts, and to relax when someone spoke to her. When the telephone rang, she relaxed as she reached to pick it up. It was a momentary pause, unnoticed by others, but it refreshed both conversation and body.

A well-known orator used to become so nervous and tense before addressing an audience that even he realized his approach to the platform was jerky and ungraceful. Then he found he could relax by slowing his walk and actions down, in his own mind, to the tempo of a slow-motion picture.

A cue I use to remind me to relax where it counts is the feel of a pillow. Thus, I automatically relax the crucial residual tensions in the small muscles as soon as I go to bed. In the daytime I use the sight of a cigarette to remind me that jaw and throat muscles (often tensed in smoking) need to be relaxed.

Relaxing easily becomes as habitual as tenseness. The story of Grandmother's camphor bottle has started many on the habit, at long last, of relaxing their residual tensions. There is no mystery about the genie in that bottle to me now. I should like to see more people have the same relaxed poise that it gave Grandmother.



"People . . . slump down in their chairs, act lazy, and imagine they are relaxing."

Illustrations by George van Werveke



*Joe Trautwein did these sketches for Ladd Haystead's *Squires Can Take It*.*

ENTER your reviewer, one of these bright Fall days, balancing a pile of books on each hand: like a waiter with two trays of dishes, hopeful that some one will suit your taste. In the smaller pile are books about farming; in the larger, biographies, autobiographies, and books of personal observation and reminiscence.

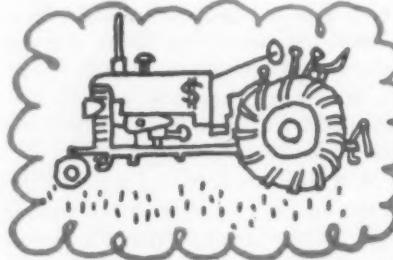
Let's look first at the books about farms and farmers. Not interested in farming, do I hear someone say? Hold on—just a minute! Is there really any Rotarian—or any citizen—who can say thoughtfully that he has no interest in the production of food, no stake in the prosperity and well-being of the farming community? Agriculture is pretty fundamental in the scheme of things, whether we're thinking of the world, the nation, or the community. Also, Rotarians in steadily increasing numbers are actively interested in farming, as owners and even as operators of their own farms.

How extensive is this trend is shown in one of the most entertaining and stimulating books on our list: *The Squires Can Take It*, by Ladd Haystead. This is a book about and for city farmers: men (and women) whose chief occupations or sources of livelihood are in cities, large or small; but who have bought farms, operate them directly or indirectly, and in most cases live on them, at least for part of the year. Ladd Haystead is himself one of those he writes about; farm editor of *Fortune*, he owns and operates a farm.

Haystead rules out of consideration, for his purposes in this book, those show places and estates which are merely and frankly the playthings of the very rich. At the other extreme he rules out small holdings, of five acres or less, which are expected to contribute food toward the subsistence of a family, and a home. These last—there are hundreds of thousands of them in urban areas in the United States alone

—are exceedingly important both economically and socially; but they are another story. Haystead is writing about those farms which are acquired and operated by business and professional men and women as business ventures, with the hope—not infrequently disappointed—of making a profit.

Specifically, his book is about the city farmers themselves—the “squires”—and their problems: of land, buildings, livestock, machinery, hired help, and relations with the neighbors. On all these subjects this book is highly sensi-



The tractor—delight of city farmers!

ble, stimulating, definite, up to the minute on the latest methods and ideas, and often amusing.

A Chicago friend and I once contemplated the organization of “The Michigan Avenue and LaSalle Street Cow-Milkers’ Association.” The requirements for membership were to be two: that the applicant should have an office on Michigan Avenue or LaSalle Street, and that he should be able to milk a cow. We were confident, on the basis of our acquaintanceship, that hundreds could qualify. But that was primarily a matter of origins—an indication of the number of one-time farm boys now occupying prominent places in the business and professional life of Chicago. Haystead’s book demonstrates that a surprising and rapidly increasing number of these farm boys, and of others who have no farm background, have in re-

John T. Frederick

Speaking of Books—

FOR MEN WHOSE FANCIES
THESE DAYS LIGHTLY TURN TO FARMING
... AND TO BIOGRAPHIES.

cent years become farm owners and—at least by proxy—farmers: a development which is likely to have very significant social and even political effects, as Haystead shows.

There are clubs of city farmers in all the larger cities of the United States and many of the smaller cities. In many parts of the Eastern United States the city farmers now own nearly all the good land; in all parts of the country, city and town dwellers own substantial parts of it. Most of them are trying to be good farmers.

One of the most prominent of these city farmers—in the sense that most of his income is derived from other sources, though he lives on his farm—is Louis Bromfield, whose *Malabar Farm* is second on our list. A highly successful novelist and magazine writer, Bromfield some ten years ago bought his family’s old farm in Ohio and added to it. Largely the land was “worn out”—depleted by erosion and exhausted by bad farming. The story of how this land has been rebuilt into profitable productivity, which Bromfield began in *Pleasant Valley* and continues in *Malabar Farm*, is one of the most inspiring



And Bossie, who produces golden milk.

and illuminating in the whole modern record of agriculture. Bromfield is a foremost exponent of sound modern practices in the conservation and rebuilding of soil. In the two books I have just mentioned he tells how and why. He’s a skillful writer, and in these books he has a lot to say. They’re rich in living incident, in real people, in sat-

isfying experience: good reading, even if one knows and cares little about farming; exciting and invaluable if one owns, or would like to own, land.

The world-wide meaning of soil conservation is the theme of a book which is being widely read as I write this article: *Road to Survival*, by William Vogt. This is a theme which deserves the widest and most thoughtful attention, and though I disagree with some of Mr. Vogt's views, I am glad that his book has been widely circulated. The meaning of soil depletion is made clear by such facts as these, cited by Mr. Vogt: when Ohio's soils were new, they produced (with old varieties and methods) 100 bushels of corn per acre, and 60 bushels of wheat. Today, in spite of improved varieties and methods, the average is 42 bushels of corn and 20 of wheat. Yet there are individual farms that are more productive today than they were a century ago. The difference results from methods of farming, the long-term treatment of the soil.

We of the United States have been insanely destructive and wasteful of our soil. The peoples of some other nations have been almost as foolish. As a nation, Americans are still suicidally indifferent to this problem. As Mr. Vogt puts it: "Our wealth and our survival depend on our natural resources and the land; yet in restoring and preserving them we spend only about one-half of one percent of our national income." City farmers are in the front of the fight to save the land all over the country, leaders in the search for better farming methods which will result both in building soil and increasing production. The books of Haystead and Bromfield tell what they are doing.

To round out our group, here are two books for the reader whose interest in practical farming is immediate and serious. Ladd Haystead is co-author of one of these, with Herrell DeGraff: *The Business of Farming*. In this book the major factors in farming as a business

—soil, equipment, labor, and organization—are treated thoroughly, step by step and item by item; sanely; and in a clear and vigorous style that is a delight to read. All important fields of farming are considered, and all sections of the United States. *The Farmer's Handbook*, by John M. White, is a reference book in which literally thousands of the practical questions which city farmers—and all farmers—face daily are answered authoritatively, with the most up-to-date information anywhere obtainable. Both of these books gain my most hearty recommendation to all who are farming or planning to farm.

And now for the other tray, the pile of books on the other hand, those of biography, autobiography, and personal experience. It's only a step from the one field to the other, and not a long step; for easily my first choice among the books of this second group, for reading pleasure and literary merit, is a book about the experience of a man and his family who left the city for a home in the country: *John Goffe's Mill*, by George Woodbury. A highly trained scientist in a specialized field, George Woodbury found himself, some ten years ago, out of a job. He and his wife decided to buy a tract of land in New Hampshire. It wasn't suitable for farming, but on it were the ruins of a watermill which one of George Woodbury's ancestors had built some 200 years before. The story of how they rebuilt the mill, and, using lumber from their own woodlot, gradually established a prosperous woodworking business, is, as George Woodbury tells it, highly enjoyable and deeply satisfying. It is marked by humor, by variety of incident and character, by clear thinking, by unmistakable integrity. It is, in fact, one of the finest books of personal experience I have read in years. I am eager to have readers of this department share my pleasure in it.

From New England, too, come two important biographies in our group: *John Hancock, Patriot in Purple*, by Herbert S. Allan, and *Abbott Lawrence Lowell*, by Henry Aaron Yeomans. Mr. Allan has done a badly needed job extremely well, in rescuing John Hancock from the clouds of misconception and speculation which have surrounded him. Hancock has been less studied and less understood than any other major figure of his time and place. Mr. Allan has written not as apologist or attacker, but as an honest biographer trying to get at the truth both of conduct and of personality. The product is at once genuinely good reading and a major contribution to understanding of Hancock and his times.

A close friend and associate of the great president of Harvard University and man of business and public affairs, Dean Yeomans has written of Abbott



Counting unhatched chickens is still a hazardous pastime, the author cautions.

Who Named

YOUR

Business?



EVER wonder how your profession or business received its name? It's easy to see how a jeweler was so named: he sells jewels. Similarly, a grocer retails groceries or food products. But did you know that originally a grocer got his name because he sold goods by the gross? In other words, a "grosser," and in time this was changed to "grocer."

Then there are the milliners. At one time the Italian city of Milan was noted for its excellent hat makers. Bringing their hats and skill to England, they became known as "Milaners"; later all hat-makers were classified as "milliners."

Plumbers of today work with several kinds of metals, but they got their name from the Latin word for lead: *plumbum*. The French of medieval times called them "plummiers" and the English "plumbers," meaning an artisan who works with lead. Now, of course, modern plumbers use tin, zinc, copper, and plastics along with lead.

"Draper" comes from "drapier," a French word meaning a weaver of *drap*, or cloth. Therefore in England you buy dry goods at a draper's while in the United States they are sold at dry-goods stores or department stores. In Australia, however, surprised U. S. soldiers learned that a "drygoodsman" sells hardware, not textile fabrics.

Then there's the haberdasher. It's a word of Anglo-French origin stemming from *habertas* and meaning "of unknown origin." Step into a haberdasher's store in London and you find he is a dealer in cloth and similar wares: tapes, pins, needles, and thread. The American haberdasher, however, sells men's furnishings. And far from selling goods of "unknown origin," he retails heavily advertised lines of clothing.

Tracing these names back to their original forms results in many discoveries of unusual nature. Often the spelling differs as much from the original as modern techniques of a profession or trade contrast with those of centuries ago.

—Louise Belote Dawe





Samaritans at Leamington

By Marilyn Parks Davis

To a highway sign outside a certain small Canadian city I should like to stop and add an inscription. But, first, a story must be told.

At 4 o'clock that Friday afternoon we four American school marm's appeared to be making good headway on our vacation trip. Humming along Canadian Highway No. 3, we were approaching Leamington, Ontario. It came as a profound surprise, therefore, to find our car, the next instant, at the bottom of a deep ditch, jammed against a pole. It was then I learned my legs wouldn't move.

My first thought was of my new hat, a delicately gorgeous, custom-made embodiment of Spring. As my companions decided upon the best way to help me from the car, I began to assign responsibility for my hat in best classroom fashion.

Both matters were taken from our hands, however, with the arrival of another car—containing three young medical interns from Michigan!

Removing me expertly, they placed me on seat cushions in a florist's truck which had come along, as if by prearrangement, and took me the six miles into Leamington.

At the hospital my luck still held, for I was promptly put into the hands of a splendid red-haired doctor, Dr. E. Kirk Lyon, who happened to be at the hospital later than was his custom. His X rays revealed two pelvic fractures. "Ten weeks," the doctor said.

Thus I began my stay at Leamington, a total stranger. On Monday a dignified gentleman of middle years appeared at my bedside. "I have come to place the Leamington school board at your disposal," said its president. He had learned of my entrance into town from my school superintendent, whom he had sat beside at a Canadian-Michigan Rotary affair the previous Saturday. I assured my visitor that to dispose of so august a body as the Leamington school board would require considerable thought.

In the days that followed there was to be ample time for reflection on the matter. I was completely immobilized, trussed up in a contraption which must have looked like a medieval torture device.

When I said good-by to the school-board president, I little dreamed he would come again or that other citizens of that small city of 7,000 people were on their way. The owner of an electric store, a Rotarian, offered the use of a radio for the duration of my stay. "And when you are ready for it," he went on, "the Rotarians have a wheel chair for your use. It rotates more ways than one."

The wives of Rotarians came to call, and their friends. With them came local events, flowers, tarts, cookies, coconut layer cake, and reading matter.

Six teachers came, at intervals. The manager of the Royal Bank of Canada came, in unofficial capacity.

Next door to the hospital was a charming child of junior high-school age who made repeated visits with her scrapbooks and fruit tree blossoms. Later, when my powers of locomotion improved, her family took me on an auto trip.

Another Good Samaritan provided crutches.

True to the reputation of Canadian nurses, those at Hopewell Hospital were highly skillful. And they thought of niceties other than those of physical care when they offered for loan the latest volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay or dropped in just before their departure, in their pretty evening gowns, for the big ball of the year. Or the time they carried into my room the first Indian baby I had ever seen.

The day before my home-going, a Leamington woman hurried in with a farewell gift she had embroidered during her own convalescence—a master-sized bath towel with washcloth to match.

Only one day of those ten weeks passed without one or more Leamington visitors. Need I say that it was with a feeling of sharp sadness that I said good-by to these friends who had shown such interest in a traveller who happened to sojourn among them.

At the sign on King's Highway No. 3 which marks the entrance to that small city, I should like to inscribe these words:

LEAMINGTON

a city whose inhabitants are known for their kindly deeds and exuberant goodwill — a city in which no soul is a stranger.

Lawrence Lowell with candor, understanding, and charm. His book sensitively records the dramatic phases of Lowell's career, and achieves real illumination of his personality. This is biography of high merit, and will hold special interest for thousands of readers.

Another great educator and university president is the subject of a biography which I think you will find in the highest degree interesting and rewarding: *The Story of John Hope*, by Ridgely Torrence. As a teacher, as president of Morehouse College and later—until his death in 1936—of Atlanta University, as member of many commissions and special groups, and as writer and lecturer, John Hope was one of the real leaders in the effort toward better relations between Negroes and whites in the United States. The story of his life is truly dramatic and inspiring, and Ridgely Torrence has told it truly well.

Partially biographical in substance, but historical in method and effect, are two new books which are somewhat similar in plan: *The Federalists*, by Leonard D. White, and *Lincoln and the War Governors*, by William B. Hesselton. Each is a study of the interplay of personalities and of political and economic interests at a crucial period in the history of the United States. Well written, each is marked by sound scholarship, and presents fresh facts.

Two books from far-apart lands round out our group—narratives of adventurous personal experience: *Vouza and the Solomon Islands*, by Hector MacQuarrie; and *Jungle Man*, the autobiography of Major P. J. Pretorius. I like *Vouza* very much. The author is a New Zealander, now in business in London. He writes admirably, with force and color and with dry humor. The pages of *Vouza* are crammed with action and adventure, but its most distinctive and admirable achievement lies in the very clear and sympathetic portrayal of Vouza himself and other Solomon Islanders. Also filled with adventure is the story of Major Pretorius of South Africa—in big-game hunting, in exploration, in warfare. Here, too, is first-rate reading for those of us who look to books for contrast to our daily jobs.

Books reviewed, publishers and prices:
The Squires Can Take It, Ladd Haystead (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.50).—*Malabar Farm*, Louis Bromfield (Harper, \$3.75).—*Road to Survival*, William Vogt (Wm. Sloane Assoc., \$4).—*The Business of Farming*, Herrell DeGraff and Ladd Haystead (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3).—*The Farmer's Handbook*, John M. White (University of Oklahoma Press, \$4.95).—*John Goffe's Mill*, George Woodbury (Norton, \$3).—*John Hancock, Patriot in Purple*, Herbert S. Allan (Macmillan, \$6).—*Abbot Lawrence Lowell*, Henry Aaron Yeomans (Harvard University Press, \$6).—*The Story of John Hope*, Ridgely Torrence (Macmillan, \$5).—*The Federalists*, Leonard D. White (Macmillan, \$6).—*Lincoln and the War Governors*, William B. Hesselton (Knopf, \$4.50).—*Vouza and the Solomon Islands*, Hector MacQuarrie (Macmillan, \$4).—*Jungle Man*, Major P. J. Pretorius (Dutton, \$3.75).

Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Water Softener.** Most small water softeners for producing mineral-free water for laboratories, storage batteries, and other similar uses are too expensive, too large, and too complicated for the small users, but a unit is now being produced which is self-contained and the cartridges are easily replaced, making it easy to install, maintain, and operate. No heat or steam is required, and the water delivered is free from calcium, magnesium, and heavy salts. The cartridge comes packed with four beds of activated ion-exchange resins and has the capacity for the removal of from 500 to 600 grains of hardness and a production capacity of from five to eight gallons of water an hour. It is claimed that it will produce water containing less than two parts per million of ionizable salt, which is as good as most distilled water one can buy on the open market.

■ **Chemical Cousins.** Though their trade names would not suggest it, DDT and G-4 are actually chemical cousins. G-4 turns out to be the most effective fungicide for destroying molds, mildew, and rot-producing organisms on a textile or as athletic foot or jungle rot on the human flesh. In addition to having an enormous fungicidal value, G-4 has the great advantage of being nonpoisonous, water insoluble, and practically odorless. But as applied, it is dissolved in highly inflammable solvents and should be used with great caution.

■ **Photos on Plates.** A new process makes it possible to print photos directly on sensitized chinaware, the glaze is then applied, and firing brings out the picture. Another process prints a picture on sensitized glass, which is not affected by ordinary light, so it can be handled in room light. The picture is printed after the glassware is formed in the ordinary way. Exposure is made by ultraviolet light and development is by heating the glass to annealing temperature.

■ **Blind Can Read.** A new electronic reading device—something like a pencil attached to a headset—enables a blind person to read ordinary printing. The device, as yet only developed experimentally, consists of a tube like a fountain pen which the user slides along a line of printing. At the bottom is a vertical slit and a tiny spot of light swings from the top to the bottom 30 times a second. The light reflected is picked up by an electric eye, and when the spot encounters a dark area at the top of the swing, a high-pitched note is heard through the headphones, while the dark area at the bottom gives a note of low pitch. When the slit passes over the letter "V," for example, there is first

heard a high-pitched note which slides down the scale to a low pitch and then up again to the high. On the letter "I" it gives a combination of the high and low notes, but on the letter "L" it gives the same as the "I" except that it is followed by a low note. The user has to learn to recognize the characters and sounds for each letter.

■ **New Use for Proteins.** An interesting use of proteins has been developed: to prevent corrosion of metals stored outdoors in mildly corrosive atmospheres. The corrosive-protecting film needs four constituents—a corrosion inhibitor for the metal, a protein acting as a vehicle, a hardener for the film, and a bactericide to prevent putrefaction of the protein. Gelatin, albumin, or casein will act as the inhibitor and vehicle, chromic acid as the hardener and bactericide. A "one-step" bath can be used, but it deteriorates slowly, so a "two-step" treatment is more general. These coatings are better than conventional chromate or phosphate ones and more easily removed than oil or grease since they dissolve readily in alkaline baths.

■ **Plastic-Plated Yarn.** Textile treatments usually have been applied to the finished product. Now comes a rubber company with a plastic treatment which is applied not to the textile, but to the yarn out of which the textile is made. Thus all sorts of new and unusual effects can be achieved. This new method is particularly effective when applied to glass yarns for making fiber-glass textiles for draperies, upholstery materials, tablecloths, bedspreads, shoelaces, and other accessories composed either of pure fiber glass or a combination of it and nylon, rayon, or even natural textiles like cotton and silk. It can also be used on these other yarns without fiber glass, or on iron. The

weakness of glass fabrics has been their low abrasive resistance, which is overcome by the high abrasion resistance of the plastic. Fabrics made of these new "alloy yarns" can be either sewed like ordinary textiles or heat sealed without any sewing whatever.

■ **'Tracers' in Industry.** Much has been printed on the use of radioactive isotopes in medical research, where atomic-pile activated elements are used to trace the chemistry of life itself. However, little has appeared on the use of similar elements in industrial research. It can be done and it is being done. Recently it was proved that sulphur in coke comes about proportionately from so-called "combined" sulphur and from pyrites in the coal. Radioactive phosphorus may be used to cut off Bessemer furnaces automatically at the instant the last impurity burns out, doing away with all guesswork.

■ **Test-Tube Apples.** Shortages of bees have led to a trial of shot-gun weddings for apple blossoms. A Washington State apple grower, working with scientists and a manufacturer of ammunition, has pollinated his trees, suffering from too few bees, with apple pollen shot from special shotgun shells. It takes four or five to pollinate a large tree and the wind velocity must be low at the time of firing, lest the pollen be dissipated. This process is still in the experimental stage.

■ **Electromagnetic Stirring.** A gold-plated, rubber-coated, or plastic-embedded stirrer flying around in a flask without any material connection between it and anything else seems spooky, but it has become commonplace in the laboratory. The stirrer inside the flask is actually a little bar magnet, turned either by a rotating magnetic field such as is used to drive an induction motor or by a horseshoe magnet rotated by a motor. In either case the only connection between the stirrer in the flask and anything outside is a magnetic field. Such an arrangement permits a chemist to stir his liquids in flasks which are under high vacuum or great pressure. This principle is capable of far wider applications than have yet been assigned to it.

■ **Resin Finishes.** A new water-repellent resin finish for cotton, corduroy, and synthetic fibers to protect garments from water-soluble stains and spilled ink, milk, or beverages has already been tested and approved by the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps and it seems to give maximum water repellency both before and after laundering and dry cleaning. It is also free from unpleasant odors during the treating operation. If desired, a wrinkle-resisting resin can be combined with it into a single bath, providing an economical spot and crease resistance. Both resins must be added in the manufacture of the cloth.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



Have another frankfurter? It will be ready in two minutes or less—and prepared right at the table in this new electrical cooker. The current flows through the meat, which contains a salt solution that sets up a resistance, thus cooking the "frank" from inside out.



It looks as though serving youth is serious business—but these Wisconsin Rotarians enjoy every moment of it just as much as their patrons.

After the Ball Was Over

WEST ALLIS HIGH SCHOOL BELLES AND BEAUX

HAVE THEIR WHERE-TO-GO-AFTERWARD PROBLEM SOLVED BY ROTARIANS.



Oh for an Emily Post! Should napkins go on the right side of the fork, or on the left side?

INDUSTRIALISTS, merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers—members all of the Rotary Club of West Allis, Wisconsin—found a new vocation recently. They donned aprons, jackets, and black bow ties and became waiters. The 548 local high-school youngsters to whom they served steak or hamburger dinners at two post-prom parties will tell you that they did it well. Not a clatter of a platter, nor a fumbled tumbler. They were hep!

Why did they do it? The Rotarians who are fathers—and many who are not—have a ready answer. It has to do with the places where the youngsters *could* go after a school shindig.

The Allis Chalmers Manufacturing Company was glad to coöperate, providing its club quarters, which were converted into a gala night club. There were floodlights, the flare of photographers' flash bulbs, a floor show, and fine food—all of which spelled F-U-N for the belles and beaux who were swept from their schools to the parties after the stroke of midnight. Parties broke up at 3:30.

"Any tips?" one wife asked a weary "waiter" at a late breakfast the morning after. "Not a dime," he replied with a grin. "But 'twas worth it. We hope to do it again next year."

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN





A canopy, a carpet, floodlights, and soft music. . . . Could a movie preview in Hollywood do it any better?



Here's L. M. Fidler greeting the guests. In daytime they know him as executive of an auto-parts company.



Barbara Parks and Steve Obradovich demonstrate for the camera the two-in-one method of drinking cokes.



A photogenic couple can't even sit down to rest without catching the eyes of the roving photographers.



The post-promers had their choice of three menus—and the cost was nominal, thanks to the Rotarians.



"Just what you ordered—and Wisconsin's best!" says Bank President Joe Roche, serving a carton of milk.



Glenn Ginn, President of the Tucson, Ariz., Rotary Club, holds a gavel which comes from his homeland—China. It was the gift of C. C. Linn, President of the Peiping Club, who jestingly said that it was once used by Confucius to drive lessons home to his students.



Lynn Rotarians Know about Coal

Coal miners have the respect of members of the Rotary Club of LYMM, ENGLAND, for a number of the latter recently went on an underground expedition to a colliery. After the informative trip through the bowels of the earth, the Rotarians ascended, showered, and had tea and sandwiches at the canteen.

'Child's Town' Is Goal in Argentina A charity institution known as "The Friends of Education" was founded 13 years ago under auspices of the Rotary Club of SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO, ARGENTINA. During the first eight years the organization developed work in social service, initiated school co-operatives, provided additional meals and medical and dental care for the pupils of rural schools. Since then, with Government help, a home for children has been built, and recently improved land has been purchased for the home.



Supporting the new program of driver education which has been started in the public schools of the United States. Rotarian Justin W. Byers, of Gilroy, Calif., and his company have given this car to the high school. It will be replaced by a 1949 model.



Six of the 40 students of the "University of Houston International Summer Center," who recently flew to Havana, Cuba, found greater thrill than they anticipated when they invited themselves to attend a meeting of the Rotary Club. Guests that day were both the incoming and outgoing Presidents of the Republic, Ramon Grau San Martin and Dr. Carlos Prio Socares. The students met both the Presidents.

Rotary Reporter

BRIEF ITEMS ON CLUB ACTIVITIES AROUND THE WORLD.

Someday, it is hoped, the property will be developed into "The Child's Town." The name of the property? It is "La Esperanza" (hope).

Costa Rica to Be Rid of Leprosy

Encouraging news from Costa Rica indicates that within the next 15 years that nation will be free of leprosy. Much credit will undoubtedly be due the efforts of Rotarians if that comes to pass. The SAN JOSE Rotary Club, for example, is sponsoring the Leprosarium Las Mercedes in its city. Excellent medical care is provided by a specialist who was engaged for a year to work out a modern health plan. The Rotarians have constructed new buildings, repaired old ones, taken care of the nutrition of the patients, purchased cows and chickens, and aided families of patients in a financial way.

International That's Ipoh!

A photograph taken at any meeting of the Rotary Club of IPOH, MALAYAN UNION, would likely show a representative cross section of the population of that part of the world. The Club has a sprinkling of Malays, Chinese, Indians, Eurasians, and Europeans on its roster.

Welsh Rotarians Honor Marconi

A number of years ago the suggestion was made that a memorial should be erected at LAVERNOCK, near CARDIFF, WALES, honoring the birth of wireless as a commercial possibility which occurred in May, 1897, when a telegraphic message was first successfully transmitted across several miles of water from LAVERNOCK to the island of Flat Holm, in the Bristol Channel. The challenge was accepted by the Rotary Club of CARDIFF, and a plaque was recently installed in the church-yard wall of the 13th Century Church of St. Lawrence. It honors the late Marchese Marconi, the then penniless young inventor, and William (later Sir William) Preece, who encouraged and assisted him. (See *Men Have Roots Too*, page 38, September ROTARIAN.)

Not a Rain—Just Thunder

They had thunderstorms in MOMBASA, KENYA, in June. Well, maybe it didn't rain, but the Rotary Club had a program on thunderstorms, presented by the imports controller of the colony.

And Speaking of Variety . . .

Rotary Club programs are likely to run the gamut—from a discussion of atomic energy to a performance on the zylophone. For a case in point, note the variety of programs recently presented before Belgian Clubs: Mons members heard about orchids, found that 38 varieties are native; the BRUGES Club heard about the psy-

chology of pulmonary-tuberculosis patients; pending changes in the laws governing corporations were discussed before the ANTWERP Club. A member of the Rotary Club of LOUVAIN told of his experiences on a trip to Africa; and a report on assistance to crippled children occupied the SOIGNIES Club.

Rensselaer Visits 'Old No. One' Members of the Rotary Club of RENSSELAER, IND., are often in CHICAGO, ILL., on business, so at a recent meeting they were advised to be sure to "make up" their Rotary attendance at Club Number One, which meets on the same day as their own Club. The suggestion sounded so inviting that someone popped up with the suggestion that "we should all go." That's what happened. Special cards were mailed to each member's wife, urging her to see that he made the trip. High lights included a visit to the Central Offices of Rotary International, where they met Angus S. Mitchell, then President-Elect of Rotary; and a major-league baseball game.

Historic Base for Stone Vase A year ago the Rotary Club of GREAT HARWOOD & RISHTON, ENGLAND, sent a memento to the Rotary Club of EASLEY, S. C., in the form of a vase made of processed stone taken from the *blitzed* Houses of Parliament. When the donors learned that EASLEY Rotarians planned to place it in a prominent place in the new library being erected in their community, they decided to add a base for the vase. It was made from a piece of timber taken from the oak rafters of the bombed House of Commons.

Rotarians Are Good Scouts Young merit-badge winners in most any community will agree that "Rotarians are good scouts." The 33-member Rotary Club of WELLESLEY, MASS., is no exception. WELLESLEY claims the largest enrollment per capita of Girl Scouts in America: 700 out of a population of 16,000. But until local Rotarians became interested, the girls didn't have a camp of their own. The story is different now, for a Rotary-organized campaign in the community brought in more than enough money to buy the necessary land and three cabins.

ABBEVILLE, LA., Rotarians recently sent a Scout troop off on a three-week camping and sight-seeing trip through the Rocky Mountains with "food for thought." They served a bounteous send-off banquet.

Another Dozen Anniversaries Congratulations are due 12 more Rotary Clubs which will observe their silver anniversaries during the month of October. They are Georgetown, Ky.; Staples, Minn.; Trenton, Tenn.; Santa Paula, Calif.; Flemington, N. J.; Silver City, N. Mex.; Nesquehoning, Pa.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.; West Point, Miss.; Bowie, Tex.; Clarksville, Ark.; and Albion, Ill.

When the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Rotary Club of Port

ELGIN, ONT., CANADA, was recently observed, special plaques were presented to three charter members who have not missed a meeting.

Ways to Aid Young Students

Rotary Clubs have found a multitude of ways of aiding youngsters to obtain a better education. The Rotary Club of REYNOSA, MEXICO, for example, is collecting funds to construct a local school. One member donated the site. . . . In STAINES, ENGLAND, 80 students recently entered an essay contest on the subject of what job they would like after finishing school, and why. The six winning essays were read at a Club meeting, and book prizes were presented. . . . Under sponsorship of the Rotary Club of EDEN-NORTH COLLINS, N. Y., Arion Foundation medals were recently presented to the outstanding musicians of the senior classes of two schools.

But They Can't Hear Applause!

Life is a bit more worth living for the inmates of an institution for the deaf and mute in England as the result of a co-operative project of the Rotary Clubs of DEWSBURY, BATLEY, MIRFIELD, HECKMONDWIKE & DISTRICT, and CLECKHEATON & DISTRICT. The Clubs purchased a movie projector, which is being put to good use at the home.

Kane Can Do It with Knot Holes

There is scarcely a whit of trouble with the youngsters of KANE, PA. Yes, and those of several small near-by communities, as well. That is because of the "Knothole Baseball



Time to re-sign? That's a tip from this crew of shovel-handy members of the Rotary Club of Lynbrook, N. Y.



Hagerstown, Ind., Rotarians were made more air-conscious at a recent meeting held at an airport. Here a sky writer gets instructions before her flight.



This photo of the Rotary Club of Moulmein, Burma, was taken at the home of then Club President U. Khin Maung Yin (seated, fourth from right) on independence day.



Whether held in Missouri or Mussoorie, Rotary intercity meetings mean fellowship. This photograph shows part of the 200 persons attending a Mussoorie, India, meeting.

League" formed several years ago under Rotary sponsorship. The lads have developed exceptional skill on the diamond, and have created a fine spirit of sportsmanship. A few weeks ago the KANE Rotary Club entertained 152 players at a dinner, following an exhibition game in which two teams battled to a 5 to 5 tie. The guest speaker was Al Lang, considered one of the outstanding baseball enthusiasts of the U.S.A. The stadium in ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., where he lives part of the year, bears his name.

Young Heroines Are Rewarded

Tribute was paid to the presence of mind and courage of two young heroines at the recent Sons and Daughters Day program of the Rotary Club of PICTON, ONT., CANADA. One of the misses (see cut) received the Dow award, consisting of a \$100 bond and a framed certificate, and they both received suitably inscribed silver trays from the Rotary Club. The girls saw two small children playing in a dangerous sewer excavation and entered it to

ings. Whether they make the jaunt by boat or by auto, the topic of conversation usually turns to the question of which side of the river is the nicer. An OSSINING Club spokesman reports, "So far the decision seems to be that both sides of the river abound with good fellowship."

Officers Provide Army officers stationed at Castle Field, near MERCED, CALIF., recently expressed their appreciation of the Community Service efforts of the MERCED Rotary Club in extending them honorary membership. The Army men played host to the Rotary Club (only six members missed). After enjoying a turkey dinner the Rotarians were taken on a tour of the field.

Government? They Know It

If anyone should ask FULTON, Mo. Rotarians how the various State departments are organized and administered under the new Missouri Constitution, he would get straightforward

association. . . . Rotarians in RIVAS, NICARAGUA, provide a daily glass of milk for each youngster in their community. . . . In NUEVO CASAS GRANDES, MEXICO, Rotarians provide daily breakfasts for the pupils of two schools, as a contribution to the Government's better nutritional program.

The Rotary Club of LANCASTER, PA., has been awarded the Benjamin Rush Award by the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania for its part in developing and maintaining a cleft-palate speech clinic. (For a story on the clinic see *Mending Cleft Palates* in THE ROTARIAN for January, 1945.)

The hospitals in CUIDAD BOLIVAR, VENEZUELA, now have the use of an ambulance provided by the local Rotary Club.

Ingenuity Links Clubs with Clubs

Rotary Clubs are ingenious in finding ways to learn what people in other lands are thinking and doing. Reports from International Service Committees prove that:

For instance, MERIDEN, CONN., Rotari-



Heroism is not overlooked in Picton, Ont., Canada. Here Mary Young is rewarded at a Rotary meeting (see item).

get them out to safety. Before their rescue could be completed, however, a cave-in covered one child and one rescuer completely, and partially covered the other rescuer. The latter was able to extricate herself and uncover the face of her friend before summoning help.

Rotary Medals to Junior Dashers Approximately 100 boys—from the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades—competed in the recent "Junior Olympics" sponsored by the Rotary Club of CLIFTON-ALDEN-SPRINGFIELD, PA. Competition was between two schools, with gold statues going to the school winning each event, and medals to the individual competitors. Enthusiasm was so great that the Rotarians plan to make it an annual affair.

... So This Debate Goes On and On HAVERSTRAW lie on opposite sides of the Hudson River, in New York State, members of the Rotary Clubs in those cities have a common subject for "debate" when they hold regular intercity gather-

If anyone should ask FULTON, Mo. Rotarians how the various

State departments are organized and administered under the new Missouri Constitution, he would get straightforward



With memories of Rio de Janeiro still vivid, S. Kendrick Guernsey, Immediate Past President of Rotary, felt he was among friends when he addressed these Brazilian officers who had received training at the U. S. Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Fla.

answers. In a recent series of five meetings, the facts were all explained by administrative department heads, three of whom are members of the Rotary Club of JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.

Plays Make \$\$ for Club Projects

During the past year the Rotary Club of MERIDEN, CONN., sponsored three plays which were presented by professional talent. The profits—some \$1,700—were divided between the local YMCA and the Boys' Club and will help to buy television sets.

A Bit o' Wealth Saves Health

Rotary Clubs are discovering additional ways of improving and maintaining health in their communities. For instance, the CRANFORD, N. J., Club heard a speaker discuss the subject of nursing and the shortage of nurses. A special Committee went to work to help relieve that lack, and 21 high-school girls signified their intentions of following nursing as a career. . . . The Rotary Club of CAIRO, EGYPT, has voted to grant financial assistance to a local women's health-improvement

ans recently sent CARE packages to each member of an English Club, with which they have been in correspondence over the years. . . . An inter-Club correspondence has been arranged for the members of the Rotary Clubs of DUNKIRK, FRANCE, and OAKLAND, CALIF., as a means of strengthening Rotary's Fourth Object.

There is better understanding between the people of PITEA, SWEDEN, and BEESTON, ENGLAND, as the result of a recent meeting at which a young woman from the former town was an exchange guest of the BEESTON Rotary Club. The Club President followed up by writing to PITEA Rotarians, stating that he hoped further such visits would be possible when travelling conditions improve.

Half the Town at This Party

Counting oldsters and youngsters alike, the Halloween party staged in UNADILLA, N. Y., last year was a grand success, for approximately 500 of the town's 1,200 population turned out. A street parade in costume and other entertainment were high lights. Yes, the local Rotary Club had a big

hand in the affair. It was one of the many activities undertaken by the UNADILLA Community Service Committee with the cooperation of ten civic and service club groups—a committee organized under Rotary sponsorship.

Three Dozen More Greetings and congratulations to 36 Clubs on Roster new Rotary Clubs (including two which were readmitted)! They are (with sponsor Clubs in parentheses) Eversham, England; Wirksworth, England; Gympie, Australia; Gayndah, Australia; Tavistock (Woodstock), Ont., Canada; Selfoss, Iceland; Udine, Italy; Annonay (Romans), France; St. Jean-de-Maurienne (Chambery-Aix-les-Bains), France.

Tuxpan (Ciudad Guzmán), Mexico; Xapuri (Rio Branco), Brazil; Araxá (Uberaba), Brazil; Videira (Rio do Sul), Brazil; Arcoverde (Caruarú), Brazil; Cabanatuan, The Philippines; Aberystwyth, Wales; Walkden, England; Portage (Horicon), Wis.; Rodez (Millau-St. Affrique), France; Alès (Nimes),

Club of MARSHALL, ILL., was put into operation in 1945. The names and blood types of some 300 prospective donors are kept on record, and whenever blood of a certain type is needed, it is possible to locate it quickly. Once an ambulance driver drove a patient to a hospital in a neighboring town, and learned that the patient would probably die, as her blood was of a rare type and there would not be time to locate the right blood. Knowing that he had the type needed, the driver volunteered his blood and another life was saved. The program has progressed to the stage where a recipient of a transfusion has been able to give blood to save the life of a member of the family of a donor who once gave him blood.

A Kiwanian Gets the Prize

The Rotary Club of OAKLAND, CALIF., recently announced the winner of its third Distinguished Service Award. It went to Charles P. Howard, a member of the OAKLAND Kiwanis Club, who had headed his city's

Chamber of Commerce, Community Chest, and numerous other projects for the betterment of the community and of service to mankind.

Community Service Is Fun!

You can take the word of members of the 3½-year-old ROTARY CLUB of WATERVILLE, N. Y.: Community Service can be fun! The Club keeps busy in many ways. It recently staged an auction of donated articles to raise funds for some of its activities. Coffee and "hot dogs" were served to make it a social event. The Club has provided two hospital-type beds for use of needy sick persons. It has been active in many other ways, including a program of providing toys and games for the children of Jamaican migrants.

Fight against Alcoholism

Wide attention is being focused on the anti-alcoholism project of the WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., ROTARY CLUB. Formulated as the Westchester Joint Committee on Alcoholism, the plan is also backed by numerous leading lay and professional people of the county. More than half the members of the executive committee of the Joint Committee wear the Rotary wheel. One proposal calls for the establishment of a State-administered farm for alcoholics.

Souvenirs Make 'em Want to Come Back Like many another ROTARY CLUB, the AKRON, OHIO, CLUB presents a gift each week to the Rotarian who has travelled the most miles to get there. Since AKRON claims the distinction of being the tire center of the world, the Club presents to the lucky Rotarian a tire-type ash tray.

The ROTARY CLUB of BOSTON, MASS., has standardized its "distance gift," which is presented to the Rotarian present from the greatest distance in the United States. The Club gives a glass paper-weight carrying [Continued on page 58]



Sharing today's enthusiasm for aviation are these members of the Rotary Club of Avalon, Calif. They recently attended the christening of the "Mainliner Catalina."

France; Tromsö (Bodo), Norway; Carrot River (Nipawin), Sask., Canada.

Villefranche-sur-Saône, France; Reggio Calabria, Italy; Morrisville (Waterville), N. Y.; Chatswood (North Sydney), Australia; Frías (Loreto), Argentina; Parma, Italy (readmitted); Fair Lawn (Paterson), N. J.; Carrara-Massa, Italy; Alessandria, Italy (readmitted); Gatlinburg (Knoxville), Tenn.; Auburn-Lidecombe, Australia; Victoria Park, Australia; Romsey, England; Winsford, England.

Suppose They Saw 'Type Lice'? If you are in doubt as to how a newspaper is put "to bed," you might ask a member of the ROTARY CLUB of DE KALB, ILL. Rotarians and Lions of that city recently held a joint meeting, which included a tour of the local newspaper plant. To cap the evening's program, a small special edition was run off, featuring stories and pictures about both Clubs.

Marshall Plan: A Blood Bank An estimated 20 lives have been saved since the living blood bank sponsored by the ROTARY



Mexico's President, Miguel Aleman (second from right), recently visited the ROTARY CLUB of Mexico City to discuss the Government's campaign for the construction of schools. Presidents of 98 of Mexico's 106 ROTARY CLUBS attended, and Minister of Education Gual Vidal (inset) gave the main talk.



Rotarian C. S. Hackett, of Jacksonville, Fla., and his wife push their triplets in this oversize stroller. No, the older daughters aren't twins.

Photo: Hauger & Dorf



If, during his busy year as President of Rotary International, Angus Mitchell should have time to fish, he can use this glass rod given him here by Willis Stork, of the Toledo, Ohio, Club.

Scratchpaddings

WHAT ROTARIANS ARE DOING

CAKE EATERS. When ELLIS MEEK recently completed ten years of perfect attendance at the Rotary Club of Maryville, Mo., fellow members surprised him by presenting him with a beautiful three-tier cake. In a way, it was a hard joke, however, for under the genuine frosting were blocks of wood. Well, a week passed, and at the next meeting ROTARIAN MEEK returned with the cake, saying that his wife wouldn't have the thing in the house. Jaws fell open when he picked up a knife and proceeded to cut a piece for everyone. Yes, he'd had a real cake baked to the same specifications!

P.S.—Surprised to see this item, ELLIS? Your daughter Jo ANN has a well-developed nose for news for a 14-year-old.—SPADMAN.

ILOers. Among delegates to the recent International Labor Conference (ILO) at San Francisco, Calif., which ALMON E. ROTH, a Past President of Rotary International, reports in this issue (see page 6) as a Rotary observer, were a number of Rotarians. Among them were R. R. BOWMAN, of Belfast, Northern Ireland; B. P. AGARWALLA, of Bhandup, India; A. C. RAMALINGAM, of Bombay, India; G. ALLANA, of Karachi, India; CONRADO BENITEZ, of Manila, The Philippines; P. S. RAU, of Nagpur, India; NORMAN DOWD, of Ottawa, Ont., Canada; M. A. RASCHID, of Rangoon, Burma; ANTONIO BANTI, of Rome, Italy; and PAUL GYSLER, of Zurich, Switzerland.

No Rolling Stone. When HERMAN MOSS, of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio, was honored on the 45th anniversary of his connection with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, nearly 400 of the leading businessmen of Cleveland paid tribute to him. Among speakers

Photo: Delig Mail



Dr. Charles Haddon Nabers, Governor of Rotary District 190, was among old neighbors when he visited the Anderson, S. C., Club recently. Here he presents 25-year pins to Dr. E. C. McCants, his former teacher; M. M. Mattison (left), for whom he was once office boy; and Charles Fant (right), with whom he used to go to school.

were the president of the company, the Governor of the State, and the Mayor of the city. ARCH C. KLUMPH, a Past President of Rotary International, and fellow Club member, spoke on "HERMAN" Moss the Rotarian."

Pershing Passes. A memorial issue of *The Rotary Propellor*, publication of the Rotary Club of Lincoln, Nebr., paid tribute to JOHN J. PERSHING, General of the Armies of the U.S.A., who died recently. GENERAL PERSHING had been an honorary member of the Lincoln Club since 1919, and had maintained legal residence in Lincoln throughout the years. It was from Lincoln, to which his family had moved, that Pershing went to West Point to begin his military studies, and it was to Lincoln that he returned in 1891 to be Commandant of Cadets at the University of Nebraska. The General was located somewhere in France in December, 1919, to receive notification of his honorary Rotary status. He cabled back: "Many thanks for the honor you have done me which I accept with pleasure." Every year when his membership was continued, the General would send a gracious reply expressing his appreciation of the honor.

'Down Under' Voices. Although it is but a year old, the Rotary Club of Onehunga, New Zealand, has found a way of helping other Clubs which may be planning to hold "fireside" meetings at the homes of members for the discussion of Rotary questions. The Club had made a recording of a timely and provocative talk on the current international situation by ROTARIAN HAROLD T. THOMAS, of Auckland, New Zealand, Chairman of the International Affairs Committee of Rotary International. There is an introduction by Rotary's President, ANGUS S. MITCHELL, of Melbourne, Australia. Requests are filled for scheduled dates without any charge except the transportation of the records to the next Club on the routing. Clubs should indicate first, second, and third choice of dates when writing for the recording, to Rotary International, Chicago 1, Ill., U.S.A.

Splasher. It was a mighty proud moment for FORBES NORRIS, SR., superintendent of schools in Winchester, Mass., when his son, FORBES NORRIS, JR., a student at Harvard University, recently made the United States Olympic swimming team. Fellow Rotarians shared that pride. . . . Late word is that he placed sixth in the 1,500-meter race as his countrymen won 12 of the 15 swimming titles.

Convention-al. The 400 delegates to the recent National Conference on the Education of Teachers, at Bowling



E. L. Jones (right), 1947-48 President of the Port Huron, Mich., Rotary Club, gives K. D. Edwards the key to the log cabin which the Algonac, Marine City, St. Clair, Croswell, and Port Huron Rotary Clubs built for the Boy Scouts.

Green, Ohio, sat up and took notice of 43 Rotarians who were there. One noon the group quietly assembled in a corner of the dining room, chose "very temporary officers," and proceeded to launch a program of unpremeditated entertainment, principally music. State songs were mixed in with familiar Rotary lyrics and on many a number the whole 400 educators joined in. J. L. BUFORD, of Mount Vernon, Ill., served as president. IRVING F. PEARSON, of Springfield, Ill., was song leader. EUGENE P. BERTIN, of Muncy, Pa., was secretary.

A Long Trip. GERMAN ERAUSQUIN, an exporter and Rotarian of Toledo, Ohio, recently started out to call on customers in Baghdad, Barcelona, Beirut, and Batavia. In fact, he's going to call on customers in 35 cities in 30 countries before he gets back home, some 40,000 air miles and six months later. In order to abide by the 66-pound luggage limit, he planned the trip so as to stop in each country during its warm season and is carrying only Summer clothing. Language will present few problems to him for he speaks English, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish.

Vaccine. The International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, after reading *Cholera Stopped in Its Tracks* in THE ROTARIAN for May, reports that its country also contributed to the international effort which freed Egypt of an epidemic a year ago. The South African Institute for Medical Research supplied one million of the 6 million doses of vaccine.

More Ties. Several Rotary Clubs have strengthened their international ties with overseas Clubs by sending them boxes of bright neckties, to give the fellows "a lift." GEORGE HOPE, of Jefferson City, Mo., recently had the same inspiration, after sending several dozen parcels of food and clothing to friends and relatives in his native city of Edinburgh, Scotland. A tailor, he called upon his fellow Rotarians of Jefferson City

for ties, and they came through in grand style. His parcel contained 315! And just by chance there wasn't a Scot plaid in the whole lot. ROTARIAN HOPE is going to do something about that.

Friendly Note. Rotarians who attended the International Festival of Music at Edinburgh, Scotland, in August and September found a friendly note which they hadn't expected. The Edinburgh Rotary Club saw to it that they all felt at home. It provided a special center for the Rotarians and their ladies, where light refreshments were served and where information on the festival, Edinburgh, and Scotland was available.

'Flying' Flynn. Just to bring you up to date on one Past Director of Rotary International, listen to this about EDWARD F. FLYNN, of St. Paul, Minn.: Although he was retired a year or so ago, ROTARIAN FLYNN is probably busier than ever. He did public-relations work for many years for the Great Northern Railroad, during which time he travelled more than a million miles over the United States and Canada speaking and creating his own news. An editorial in the Minot (No. Dak.) *Daily News* recently paid tribute to him, pointing to

the heavy speaking schedule he still maintains, along with tremendous research. He writes screen plays between speaking engagements, and for the past 16 years he has served as president of the Minnesota University Dads Association. It concludes: "Yes, 'Eddie' Flynn has shattered that old rocking chair theory. With him it would appear that 'life begins at 70'—and we love him for it."

Retires. An 18-year record of Rotary officership came to an end recently when HAROLD S. JONES declined to accept another term as Secretary of the Rotary Club of Caruthersville, Mo. He had been Secretary for 17 consecutive years, after serving a term as President. He recalls that during the depression the Club membership shrank to eight. Meetings were held in the offices of various members and luncheon consisted of sandwiches and cold water. The membership is now 62.

Family Pin. When WILLIAM L. MARBLE was presented with a Past President's pin after serving the Gladstone, Mich., Rotary Club as its top officer for 1947-48, he was being honored in a ceremony that is traditional with many



Photo: Rotarian Alex Wilkins

Remember the Old Folks

WARRNAMBOOL, a seaside city in Victoria, Australia, was but an area of virgin bush a century ago. Today it is the main business, cultural, and educational center of the fertile southwestern district of Victoria—a city with fine buildings and wide tree-lined thoroughfares.

The old-timers, who have helped to make it so, are remembered regularly by the local Rotary Club—like the recent sunny afternoon when Rotarians sponsored the 16th annual old folks' reunion. Members called for 80 old folks at their homes, and took them on a sightseeing tour of the district.

Various beauty spots were visited and many photos were taken (1947-48 President Archie Graham was snapped with three guests,

above). The tour ended at the Town Hall, where Rotarians and their guests had tea. Flower-decked tables were loaded with good things to eat, prepared by Rotarians' wives.

Community singing and popular concert numbers by a group of local musicians were enthusiastically received, as were movies showing Warrnambool's centenary celebration pageantry.

The oldest guest was just a bit younger than the city itself, being 94. After several of the guests were called upon for responses, all were returned to their homes, comforted by the knowledge that Warrnambool does not intend to forget the old folks at home.

—FRANK FORD

Looking Back 25 Years

World attention was focused on the Japanese earthquake a quarter century ago, and Rotarians were contributing to a special relief fund. An editorial in *THE ROTARIAN* for October, 1923 — from which is gleaned this column of history — pointed out that the disaster provided an opportunity to demonstrate the real meaning of "Service above Self."



Hill

* * *

The matter of Rotary finances was treated in an article by an Oklahoma Rotarian, Everett W. Hill, then First Vice-President and Chairman of the Finance Committee of Rotary International. The man, who was to be Rotary's President the next year, pointed out that the annual income of the organization was approximately \$600,000.

* * *

Labor-management problems were a concern then as now. In *Why Men Strike* the late Edward A. Filene, famed Boston merchant, suggested a code of business ethics which would "make of business a genuine profession." It had these points:

"1. That a business, in order to have the right to succeed, must be of real service to the community.

"2. That real service in business consists in making or selling merchandise of reliable quality for the lowest practically possible price, provided that merchandise is made and sold under just conditions."

* * *

A feature article, *The City That Redeemed Itself*, told the story of city improvement which had been made in Jacksonville, Illinois, through intensive co-operation and nonpartisan effort.

* * *

The typewriter was then celebrating its 50th year, and an article traced some of that history.

* * *

Another piece told about the late James W. Davidson, of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, a Rotarian, explorer, and diplomat. "Jim" and his fellow Canadian J. Layton Ralston, lately deceased, were Rotary emissaries to Australia and New Zealand, helping start the first Clubs there.

Clubs round the world. But for him the occasion had special meaning. You see, his father, the late Webster L. MARBLE, and his brother, the late FLOYD W. MARBLE, had both worn the pin before him. Both were charter members of the Club.

Organizer. R. C. HANCOCK, a Brisbane, Australia, Rotarian who has organized all sorts of functions for the Red Cross and other public groups, figured that he was through with such activities. However, that was before he was persuaded to organize a project to raise £65,000 to provide a memorial building to commemorate the sacrifice and service of Australian nurses in World Wars I and II and on the home front. It is planned to provide a building in Brisbane as a center and hostelry for nurses of the British Commonwealth and her allies. "In attempting this I find I have developed an enthusiasm which has become infectious," he says, explaining that he expects the campaign to "go over the top" to hit a total of some £150,000.

Three Ages. DR. BASIL WOYLAS, President of the Rotary Club of Athens, Greece, paid tribute to the new level of understanding into personal and national problems he had found in the spirit of Moral Re-Armament, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Moral Re-Armament movement. "The earth," he said, "has gone through three important geological stages: the Ice Age, the Stone Age, and the Iron Age. Today it is going through the three simultaneously—cold, bright, stony and hard hatred, and the ironlike ruling will of self."

Park Book. Many Rotarians and their families have visited the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, which lies on the border between the United States and Canada. Stories on the organization, dedication, etc., have appeared in *THE ROTARIAN* from time to time. Now a booklet giving the history of the park, the first of its kind in the world, has been written by CANON S. H. MIDDLETON, a member of the Rotary Club of Cardston, Alta., Canada, one of the prime movers of the project. It includes photos of the 1,720-square-mile park area.

Five Timer. Rotarians of Muskegon, Mich., evidently believe that there is no substitute for experience. When they elected C. W. BEMER their 1948-49 President, they were confident he would know what to do. You see, he had been in the chair before—four times, in fact. He was President of the Rotary Club of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., once; then he served two terms as President of the Wakefield, Mich., Club, and a year as President of the St. Johns, Mich., Club. He was Governor of District 151 in 1941-42.

Thinkers. A group of 12 Rotarians hailing from Belgium, Great Britain, Mexico, New Zealand, and the United States broke bread together during a recent crossing of the Atlantic aboard

the *Queen Mary*. According to FRANK E. BROWER, of West Hollywood, Calif., friendly discussion revealed they were in agreement that: moral rearmament is necessary; there should be an international police force to maintain law and order; all children should be taught two languages; a means to establish an international currency should be examined; travel barriers should be eliminated; and that good men should be elected to public office and once elected should be actively supported to carry out an effective program.

\$1 a Year. When a certain Rotarian whom the fellows call "Put" made his contribution to the Rotary Foundation recently, he used the number of years in which he has been a Rotarian as his "yardstick." He has held membership (in six different Clubs) for a total of 30 years, so his check was for \$30. Without identifying himself, he wants to pass along the idea.

Junior Achievement. Rotarians who have worked with Junior Achievement projects in their communities followed with interest the "County Fair" radio program of the Borden Company on the Columbia Broadcasting System. During the past several months, with the co-operation of Junior Achievement, Inc., the program promoted the establishment of some 160 small local "county fairs" by youths and was to honor the best fair managers by staging the national show in their community. "County Fair" has sent many underprivileged children to camp, and has helped raise thousands of dollars for charities.

Authors. *The Long Dark Road* is the title of a book of poems which has come from the pen of BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM E. BROUGHER, a member of the Rotary Club of Augusta, Ga. The poetry was written while he was a prisoner of the Japanese during World War II. . . . HARRY H. CUMMINS, a Hobart, Australia, Rotarian, has edited a book of humorous stories entitled *That Reminds Me* (Oldham, Beddome & Meredith, Hobart).

Shutter-Upper. With five executives—OTHNEIL G. WILLIAMS, JOHN J. McCLELLAN, ROY D. HEYMANN, ARTHUR B.

POOLE, and CHARLES LORD—of a local clock-manufacturing concern on the roster of the Rotary Club of Winsted, Conn., it was embarrassing to have weekly meetings prolonging themselves beyond the allotted hour.

That was before the "time makers" put their heads together. Their firm made a special clock with a Rotary face and presented it to the Club. It has a movement which is so quiet that it never intrudes on the program, and an alarm which is permanently set to ring at 1:30, thus providing an inescapable reminder that time marches on.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



chance comes? This is the type of leadership I have often seen urged in *THE ROTARIAN*—by such men as Walter B. Pitkin, the noted United States author, and T. A. Warren, the British educator, who was Rotary's President in 1945-46.

And that isn't all. Greatest among dangers resulting from continual harping on leadership is the rise of crackpots who believe themselves to be leaders. Skyrocketed into the public eye, without experience, ability, or the comprehension of what must be done unselfishly, they comprise a "lunatic fringe," jeopardizing the work of real leaders. No true leader has risen without years of sweating, and no true leader believes in drastic changes, one-key Utopian remedies, pretty-sounding panaceas.

IT IS a well-known political maxim that responsibility sobers. We want leaders, whether in politics, the church, or business, who have had long experience of service in small tasks. Men who have sobered by small responsibilities and who accept leadership, not out of boundless ambition, but as a reward for faithful service in smaller spheres.

How should we teach our young? Certainly not that they should be leaders first and followers later—if at all. There is too much of the attitude in modern life reminiscent of the advice to young men (attributed, I think, to Benjamin Butler) that first they should

get on, after that they should get honor, and finally get honest. Too many are satisfied with the first admonition.

Lessons must be learned in rules of the game, stable judgment, singleness of purpose, and concentrated effort. Youth must learn that there is joy and honor serving in its own small niche, and that by effective service in a small way a man can emerge to become a leader in whatever sphere his heart lies. Situations produce leaders, just as Moses rose to take his place after 80 years of preparation.

Getting ahead in life is not necessarily success. The compensations of followership can be equally as great as those of leadership. In its essence good followership is more important than good leadership, for if the majority of us have not the calm self-discipline to be intelligent followers under our properly constituted leaders, how can government, business, or a Rotary Club grow and be effective?

Destined to followership, we can make the most of our opportunities to assist our leaders, to keep them on proper paths, and be ever on the alert to foster good citizenship and the good of all. The important thing is the honest doing of the work set before us.

It is still true now, as it was when Milton said: "They also serve who only stand and wait." I think Milton would emphasize the word "serve"!

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The Atom: A Report to the People

[Continued from page 12]

end, will be accepted and implemented by all nations. Having concluded that part of their task concerned primarily with scientific and technological matters, they realized that the time had arrived when increased efforts should be made with regard to general considerations including those of an international political character, the debate on which could be pressed with greater advantage in the General Assembly of the United Nations itself.

The attempt to solve the atomic-energy impasse in the Security Council was met with the 26th veto exercised by the U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union thereby refused its endorsement of the reports and recommendations of the Atomic Energy Commission. The majority of the Security Council felt, however, that the General Assembly, which had established and defined its responsibilities, should be fully apprized of its work and of the discussions in the Security Council.

THUS the problem is now before the General Assembly in Paris. Representatives of the 58 nations now have an opportunity to study for themselves the proposals which had been put forward for the international control of atomic energy, and to review and judge the attitudes taken in regard to these proposals by each member of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Security Council. In the General Assembly we shall endeavor to find a basis on which the work of the Atomic Energy Commission may be resumed and which will ultimately lead to agreement on this matter.

Those of us who in good faith have worked out the majority report will have our conclusions tested in the wider forum of the General Assembly. We hope that after reflection on the essentials of the problem, everyone will come to appreciate the sincerity and the conviction of those who framed the proposals.

We hope also that the peoples of the world, including the peoples of the Soviet Union, will come to recognize that these conclusions are inescapable.

In taking these issues to the General Assembly we must insist that the representatives of the nations accept this action by the majority of the Atomic Energy Commission for what it is—a bold challenge to the forces of reaction, of ignorance, and of timidity to face up to the new conceptions of international organization which recognize the inescapable facts consequent on our entry into the Atomic Age.

Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS.

When Men Are Useless

HARRY C. SCHERER, *Rotarian*
Department-Store Manager
Rock Island, Illinois

As most of you know, the first people in the Western world to develop a notion of democracy were the ancient Greeks, and the greatest of them was a man named Pericles. Thucydides reports, in the famous funeral oration of Pericles, his saying these words: "We regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs not as harmless, but as useless." I submit to you today that those of us who take no interest in our Government are worse than useless. We are actually dangerous, because we make ourselves easy prey for those who would use us. Whether their purpose be benevolent or malevolent is quite incidental.

It is something like the present chaplain of the Senate said recently in one of his moving prayers at the recent special session, "Lord, help us to stand for something, because a man who stands for nothing will fall for anything."—From a *Rotary Club* address.

Re: 'A Great Moral Law'

EDGAR WATSON, *Rotarian*
Mechanical Engineer
Towson, Maryland

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best" is infinitely more than a mere motto or slogan. It is a statement in form, of a great moral law. It is written in the stars and is just as authoritative as the law of gravitation. It can never be broken, but can and does and will as long as time lasts, finally break and shatter any individual, company, or nation that persistently attempts to abrogate it. Obedience to it constitutes one of the greatest factors in the success of any business. It is one of the great foundation stones of a successful democracy and it is a panacea for most of the desperate ills that harass our nation and the world at the present time.

Most thoughtful men in industry know perfectly well that in the technical end of the business no man can succeed unless he knows the physical laws of the material he uses and obeys



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them without question. This is true in mechanics, in chemistry, in metallurgy, or in any other department of technology. To hew close to the laws of materials tends to success. To violate them means a poor product and failure.

Not so many men recognize, however, that there is another code of laws in the universe—the moral code: obedience to which means real success and real well-being, the violation of which, sooner or later, destroys . . .

Deep in the heart of this great moral law is the implication of high values on human personality. With the exaltation of human instead of material values, capitalism with its appeal to individual effort would begin to take on new life, and the necessity to whip up fear and hatred against another economic system would begin to die. The danger spot in our economy is not so much the advance of communism as it is the failure of capitalism to keep its sense of values correct.

Advice for New Members

PATRICK F. HALLEY, Rotarian
Cotton and Woolen Importer
St. John's, Newfoundland

Tell him about the fellowship that is the very *raison d'être* of your Club and practice what you preach. I have heard it said that fellowship is the very life-blood of Rotary, but at times it needs the purifying oxygen of sincerity and frankness. Be sincere, be frank—tell him about the part he has to play in Club programs, how he must serve on Committees when asked, his choice of such to a degree at least determined by his particular flair. Tell him of the high ethical standard that is expected of him in his business or profession, and, above all, what his duty is to his fellowmen by way of Rotary's Third Object—Community Service. Recount for him the varied and many projects sponsored by your Club—not in a boastful manner, but as a plain statement of fact, and so

enable him to grasp the constructive power for great good in the Club of which he has just become a member, and which perchance he hasn't realized or been aware of because it is not emblazoned upon your escutcheon.—From a Rotary District Conference address.

Feed Facts to Youth

LEIF KIELLAND, Rotarian
Export Sales Manager
Sturgis, Michigan

Our schools must teach understanding, tolerance, respect for the national feelings of others. We must discourage any attitude of superiority (a weakness), must unceasingly give the young information, basic correct information. Actually, I am not worried about the school system or the children, the young people who study there, but I sometimes do worry about ourselves, our pre-conceived and erroneous attitudes to the international problems, our tendency to impose these ideas upon the young.

If we refrain from directing their thoughts and ideas, but see to it that full and correct information is available to the young, then we have nothing to fear. They will, collectively, come up with the right answer. Give them, these young people, the chance they are needing, then they will explore new avenues of thought for us to follow. They will understand the community of interests and problems which unite all countries of the world; they will—in humility—become internationalists, recognizing that a man's color, nationality, creed, language, have no influence upon his soul.

Unlike ourselves, who always seem to find so many reasons why a thing cannot be done, they will delve into the problems with vigor and exuberance, knowing that the problems are to a great extent problems of the mind. We need more than a foreign policy in Washington. We need a new generation of positivists to meet the ideological on-

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

HOW'S your "koverage"? Have you read every page of this issue of *The Rotarian*? If so, you should have little difficulty answering at least eight of these questions. Check your answers with those on page 57.

1. How many nations were represented at the ILO Conference in San Francisco? 55. 31. 35. 59.
2. In what city is "Profanity Hill" located? Jacksonville, Fla. Washington, D. C. Seattle, Wash.
3. What is the big Rotary-made attraction for high-school lads at St. Paul, Minn., each Spring? Sight-seeing tours. Basketball tournament. Young men's conference.
4. How many persons in the United States have a speech handicap? 1,453,000. 100,000. 543,569. 1,400,000.
5. What was the TNT equivalent of the atomic bombs which were dropped on Japan? 115,000 tons. 40,000 tons. 110,000 tons. 1,444 tons.
6. How did West Allis, Wis., Rotarians entertain high-school youngsters? Took them on a picnic. Took them to a ball game. Gave them post-prom parties.
7. What does a "skip tracer" do? Caddy missing golf balls. Round up school truants. Collect bills.
8. Does the device pictured in *Peeps at Things to Come*: Cure summer sausages? Kill noxious weeds? Cook frankfurters?
9. What did Donald A. Laird's grandmother use camphor for? To relax. Cure a cold.
10. Does Dr. Amos O. Squire favor capital punishment? Yes. No.

REMINDER

(Courtesy Mother Nature)

THE TURN of summer into fall is Nature's most poignant reminder of another year gone by.

It's a reminder that should make you think, seriously, that you yourself are a year closer to the autumn of your own particular life.

What steps have you taken . . . what plan do you have . . . for comfort and security in those later years?

You *can* have a very definite plan—one that's automatic and *sure*.

If you're on a payroll, sign up to buy U. S. Savings Bonds on the Payroll Plan, through regular deductions from your wages or salary.

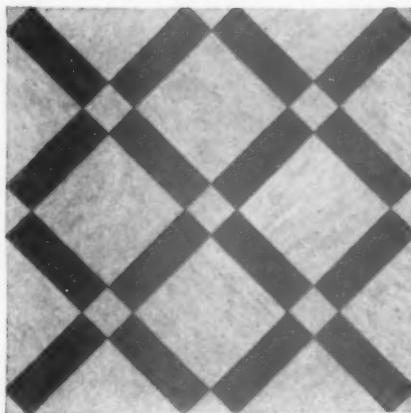
If you're not on a payroll but have a bank account, get in on the Bond-A-Month Plan for buying Bonds through regular charges to your checking account.

Do this . . . stick to it . . . and every fall will find you richer by even more than you've set aside. For your safe, sure investment in U. S. Savings will pay you back—in ten years—\$100 for every \$75 you've put in.

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Foundation Fund Passes \$1,380,000

In late August the \$1,380,000 mark was surpassed as contributions of 28 more Rotary Clubs were added to the Paul Harris Memorial Fund of the Rotary Foundation. The total number of Clubs that have contributed \$10 or more a member had reached 1,465 at that time. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

CANADA

Manwaki, Que. (25).

CUBA

Bayamo (32).

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Salisbury (64).

UNITED STATES

Coopersville, Mich. (33); West Reading-Wyomissing, Pa. (16); Perryton, Tex. (42); Lakewood, Colo. (22); Crowley, La. (37); Kittanning, Pa. (52); East Cleveland, Ohio (95); Kona, Hawaii (17); Erie, Pa. (164); Bisbee, Ariz. (28); North Side (Pittsburgh), Pa. (48); Wooster, Ohio (107); Corinth, Miss. (47); Bristol, Conn. (55); Frankenmuth, Mich. (30); Mountain View, Okla. (21); Orlando, Calif. (23); New Britain, Conn. (65); Jamaica, N. Y. (39); Fall River, Mass. (78); Palacios, Tex. (40); Princeton, Mo. (26); Hobbs, N. Mex. (35); Mitchell, So. Dak. (64).

URUGUAY

Canelones (26); Tacuarembo (15).

slaugths of communism and other isms; we need crusaders to speak the case for a democracy of free enterprise and individualism.—*From a Rotary District Assembly address*.

To Understand Is Wisdom

WILLIAM J. ROBERTSON, *Rotarian*
Editor, Savannah Morning News
Savannah, Georgia

Henry Sidgwick, an English educator and philosopher, wrote these lines which were frequently quoted by the famous physician Dr. William Osler: *We think so because other people all think so;*
Or because—or because—after all, we do think so;
Or because we were told so and think we must think so;
Or because we once thought so, and think we must think so;
Or because, having thought so, we think we will think so.

An eloquent reminder that if we will seriously and fearlessly think for ourselves, and if we will look into our own hearts and pray for understanding, we will possess the knowledge and the wisdom that will help to bring men nearer to the harmony and the peace which the world so sorely needs!—*From an editorial in the Savannah, Georgia, Morning News.*

'Look at the Spirit Within'

J. B. WEBB, *Rotarian*

Clergyman

Johannesburg, Union of South Africa

I have been guilty of a queer habit which I never confessed to anybody until I found a similar phenomenon in a great public man in England, and encouraged by the fact that I found I was in such distinguished company, I now give tongue to it. For years I have had a way of trying to look at the inwardness—the spirit, if you like—of men and women, instead of their outward appearance. It is an absorbing but dangerous whim. There is Mr. X, rolling down to office in his luxurious limousine. Pompous and self-important, he takes a delight in watching his underlings cringe and kowtow to him. It is meat and drink to be surrounded by obsequiousness. He is driven by a white-faced, tired, harassed chauffeur who has been

up all night, because his child was ill and his wife was more exhausted than he. In the twinkling of an eye the chauffeur becomes the fine and the robust figure, the very prince of a man, and the boss a little shrunken, wizened monkey, huddled on the back seat. Or there is a beautiful woman, with lustrous hair, noble carriage, gracious, condescending, very conscious of her excellences, but a veritable termagant when crossed, and selfishness personified. And, crossing her path almost apologetically, a little woman who has just got off a bus, poorly clad, short-sighted, with skimpy hair and spotty complexion, undernourished, hands toll worn, clutching a basket with a few delicacies squeezed out of her meager larder for a sick friend. Now look at them as the embodiment of the spirit within. Not for the first or last time is it true to say: "The first shall be last and the last first."—*From a Rotary District Conference address*.

Man CAN Solve World Problems

E. M. BLAIKLOCK, *Ph.D.*
Professor of Classics
Auckland University College
Auckland, New Zealand

The destruction of material resources which the last decade has seen has created problems in Europe, but the solution is well within the reach of man's inventiveness, if the will to work and sacrifice still lives. Even war-ravaged Europe has suffered nothing so fundamentally ruinous as the destruction of the ancient water system of Ceylon. Morale remains in question. If the troubles of the times or the maturity of the race have destroyed something vital in the spirit of man, if the challenge of difficulty no longer calls forth the response of energy and willing co-operation, the twilight is indeed falling. The great question which our century will answer is this: will the enormous difficulty of reconstruction prove a stimulus and bring a great renaissance, or will it prove too great for the harried spirit to meet? A Golden Age or a Dark Age lies ahead.—*From a Rotary District Conference address*.

How Do You Rate?

HOW GOOD a Rotarian are you, anyway? The following questionnaire, prepared by Philip A. Feiner, of Providence, Rhode Island, Past Governor of Rotary's District 198, will help you check up on yourself. Your rating as a Rotarian may depend on little things that are BIG in importance. Count 5 for each question answered affirmatively. If you score 80 points, you are *good*. If you score 100, you are *perfect*.

1. Are you regular in attendance at Rotary Club meetings?
2. Do you get there on time?
3. Do you help develop Rotary fellowship at meetings?
4. Are you considerate of speakers?
5. Do you bring guests to meetings?
6. Have you sponsored a member for your Club?
7. Do you take an active interest in Club projects?
8. Do you support Club projects financially?
9. Do you pay your dues on time?
10. Have you served on Committees, or as an officer, or Director?
11. Do you attend Club social functions?
12. Do you bring your lady?
13. Are you active in your business or professional associations?
14. Do you apply Rotary's Second Object in your relation with customers, employees, and competitors?
15. Are you active in community organizations?
16. Do you attend District Conferences and intercity meetings when possible?
17. Can you name the Founder of Rotary?
18. Can you name your present District Governor?
19. Have you read two or more articles in any one of the last three issues of *THE ROTARIAN*?
20. Can you name the Four Objects of Rotary?

'He Profits Most'

*"He profits most who serves the best"
Accepting this as true
Rewards keep growing from the thanks
So often tendered you.*

*What profit it a man to gain
Wealth's pinnacle or peak,
If back along the path he took
He pushed aside the weak?*

*"He profits most who serves the best"
His dividend may be
A service cross that he has won
To keep our homeland free.*

*He profits most who measures wealth
By standards not of gold,
But, rather, friendships tried and true.
That he should strive to hold.*

*"He profits most who serves the best"
Where duty points the way,
And then lies down to dreamless sleep
When night replaces day.*

—E. O. OSBORN

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MG

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Three Poems of the Season

Postponement

*Winter, do not come too soon!
 Leave a while the harvest moon,
 Purple vineyards, scarlet lanes—
 Winter, hold back snow and rains!*

*In abeyance hold the winds
 From the heights and from the sea,
 Leave this Autumn loveliness,
 Brown of vine and gold of tree!*

*All too soon the fragile stems
 Separate from branch and bough—
 Winter, wait a while and do
 Not shatter all the Autumn now!*

*See, the pumpkins in the fields,
 Golden spheres against the earth,
 Frostlike velvet on the barns,
 Goblins shaking with their mirth!*

*Wait until I've had my fill
 Of wood smoke and of rustling gold,
 Of color and of star-etched nights,
 Of laden vineyards, fold on fold.*

*Winter, wait a while before
 You whistle down the silvered heights,
 Erasing Autumn's shining glow—
 You have so many endless nights!*

—CRISTEL HASTINGS

Balm

*I like to walk through Autumn grass,
 Crickets hopping as I pass,
 Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod,
 Floss spilling from the milkweed pod.*

*All else is false and far away.
 But this is real: an Autumn day,
 A sun-warmed apple from the tree,
 Dry grass, and you for company.*

—VIOLA CONKLIN

Indian Summer

*When nights are cold,
 And Autumn old,
 And leaves have drifted down;
 Leaves that were bold
 In green and gold
 Are lying bleached and brown;
 Then comes a day
 As mild as May,
 Blue sky and distant haze;
 Gossamer gay
 As fairy fay;
 'Tis Indian Summer days.*

*High in the sky
 The webs sail by,
 Gay, gleaming in the light
 There's scarcely breeze
 To tease the trees.
 Whence come the streamers white?
 They land on reed
 And wire and weed,
 And stretch betwixt each one.
 A silken sheen
 Like fairy scene
 Is seen toward setting sun.*

—R. R. H.

Stop... and Count to Ten!

By John F. Montgomery
Rotarian, Moscow, Idaho

A USUALLY even-tempered friend of mine recently went to the post office. When the clerk explained that it was a few minutes too late to get his letter on the afternoon train, my friend swore fluently. He walked over to the bulletin board where the closing time for each mail was posted, and discovered the harried clerk had failed to list the new time. My friend tore down the bulletin, threw it at the clerk, and went home to write the third assistant postmaster general.

My job requires repeated calls upon many different kinds of business houses. In the last few months I often have watched customers, well intentioned at the start, lose their patience and stalk out in a huff just as a tired and anxious clerk came running from the far end of the store. I did the same thing myself recently when I waited 15 minutes in a restaurant for a cup of coffee. I have seen tempers flare, heard words spoken that later were regretted, and observed important business deals fail because of angry words.

We forget that the test often comes in little things. Cheerful courtesy in dealing with others, for example, or being willing to wait patiently when we have to. Maybe, if we let our feelings express themselves in action, not testy words, we can do the job ourselves!

Or, the next time the blood rushes to your head and you feel a "mad" coming on, *think*. Think how each of us counts for no more than the next fellow. And unless we keep the friendship and goodwill of the man on the next lathe, or the clerk across the counter, or the neighbor in the next house, we lose the coöperative spirit needed to keep the wheels of living turning smoothly.

Democracy is based upon faith in the individual man. When we fight to maintain his freedom, we do so because as an individual he holds so much promise. And why should the fighting men go through hell for a lot of churlish, surly, gloomy, short-tempered, selfish stay-at-homes?

Answers to Klub Quiz, Page 52

1. 59 (page 6).
2. Seattle, Wash. (page 22).
3. Young men's conference (page 18).
4. 1,400,000 (page 28).
5. 40,000 tons (page 8).
6. Gave them post-prom parties (page 40).
7. Collects bills (page 13).
8. Cooks frankfurters (page 39).
9. To relax (page 34).
10. No. (page 27).



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Rotary Reporter

[Continued from page 45]

a picture of some historical BOSTON landmark. Members may also purchase the gifts to present to their personal guests. Each weight bears this inscription: ". . . this souvenir is intended as a symbol of cordial welcome to all who break bread with us, and of our hope that their stay in old Boston may be lightened by lanterns of Rotary fellowship and goodwill. . . ."

Dewsbury Tots See the Zoo

Members of the DEWSBURY, ENGLAND, Rotary Club recently took a group of 30 crippled tots to visit a zoo. Although there were a few showers that day, the children's spirits were not dampened, as the parting statement of one little girl proves. She said, "Please, can we come again next year?"

Hopes Sail on Scholarships

Seven all-tuition scholarships to a local college have been awarded by the Rotary Club of LA GRANDE, OREG., to freshmen students hailing from eastern Oregon communities. They were awarded on a basis of scholarship, leadership, personality, character, worthiness, and need. . . . The need for more nurses is being heard from nearly every quarter, and Rotarians of ENSLEY, ALA., are doing their bit to alleviate that shortage. The Club recently provided a scholarship for a young student nurse.

The MIAMI, FLA., Rotary Club, at the leading air gateway between the Americas, financed scholarships for three students last year, from Colombia, Peru, and Venezuela. It collected and sent

more than a half a ton of clothing and school supplies to Rotary Clubs of The Netherlands for distribution. Work is continuing to complete the "Alameda de Las Americas" project, which will include the installation of 21 flagpoles and bronze plaques at the approach of a new causeway.

Cry Was 'Ride 'em Cowboy!'

PAWHUSKA, OKLA., Rotarians played a prominent part in the presentation of the recent international roundup cavalcade which attracted some 2,000 mounts and riders from points in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Arkansas. Rotarians provided the working personnel, acting as car parkers and ticket takers, and pitching in wherever there was a job to be done.

Click? This Meeting Did!

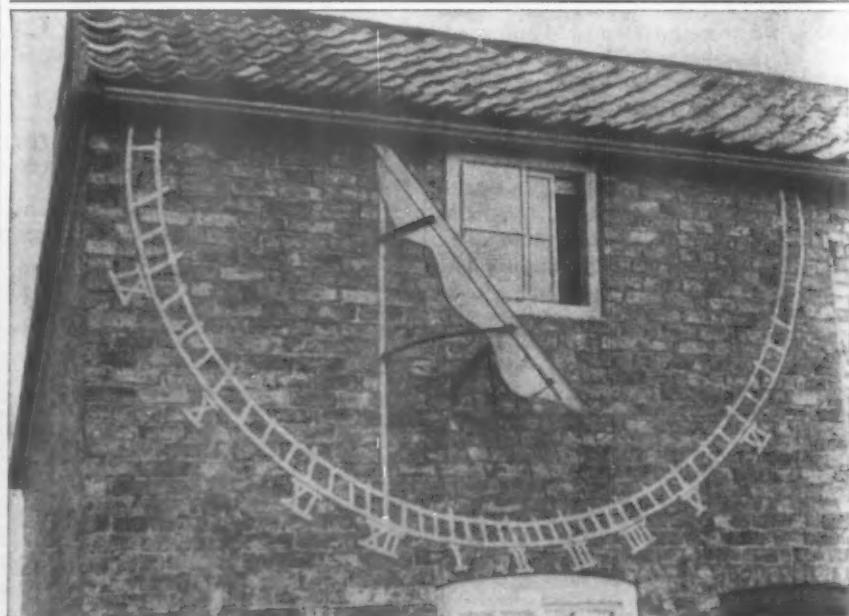
When the speaker at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of SAN DIEGO, CALIF., spoke on the importance of photography, members were not too surprised when five of their fellows with a reputation for clowning suddenly began popping flash bulbs in all directions. Club members thought it was just a gag, for they were sure no one was wasting film. However, they were surprised the next week when some of those efforts appeared as trim as you please in the Club's publication, *The Rotator*.

Corbin Auction Provides Action

Rotarians of CORBIN, KY., hit upon this scheme to raise funds necessary to make their 100 percent payment to the Paul Harris Memorial Fund of the Rotary Foundation: They solicited merchandise from the local merchants and sold it at public

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. You will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!

Odd Shots



The hour of day on a large scale for the villagers of Seaton Ross, Yorkshire, England. Rotarian J. D. Robinson, of Darlington, England, noted it with his camera.



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OCTOBER, 1948

auction. One lucky person received a "live baby." It was a young piglet! The event was so successful that the Club had approximately \$500 left over with which to do something for the young people of the community.

Old-Timers Honored

Four early members of Rotary's oldest Club were present at a recent intercity meeting sponsored by the Rotary Club of SOUTHWEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF. They were Harry L. Ruggles, Charles A. Newton, James H. Ireland, and Charles H. Crysler. All became members of the Rotary Club of CHICAGO, ILL., shortly after its founding.

Guests Asked to Take Towels Home

LAGRANGE, GA., Rotarians will long remember the tour they recently made through a local textile plant—and so will their wives. You see, each Rotarian took home a souvenir of the visit—a matching bath towel and cloth. Company executives served as guides and explained various processes, and after the tour the Rotarians dined in the company auditorium.

Liberty Tags 'em, Attendance Perks

Within a two-month period the ROTARY Club of LIBERTY, Mo., increased its attendance mark by 18 percent as the result of a "game of tag." Each member has a name plate posted on a large board, and there are five right-angle screw hooks on each name plate, so that "price tags" can be attached each week, indicating whether a member is present or absent and whether he has made up.

No 'Bathhouse Blues' in York

The Rotary Club of YORK, S. C., realized approximately \$500 at a party held recently, for which merchants donated numerous prizes. The affair was held at the local War Memorial Community Center, and the money was turned over to the Center to be used for completing the bathhouses and dressing rooms for the swimming pool located on the grounds.

Toot! Toot! Friends Aboard!

Rotary fellowship can extend to a man's family and friends. Rotarians of WEST HAVEN, CONN., recently so extended it when they chartered a train to take their Connecticut relatives and friends on an outing through the beautiful Housatonic Valley to LENOX, MASS., and then to the Berkshire Mountains by motor coach.

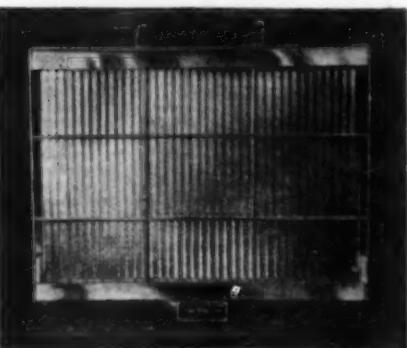
New Fathers Wield Gavel

It's easy to tell who is the newest father in the Rotary Club of EASLEY, S. C. The fathers of the Club have organized a special club of their own, and the newest father becomes a wielder of the gavel. In reporting this, the *Rotary News*, the Club's publication, concluded with this statement: "A baby will make love stronger, days shorter, nights longer, bank roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future worth living for."

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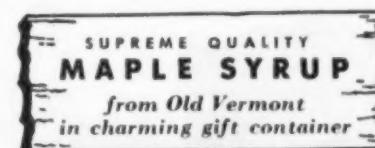
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Hobby Hitching Post

THIS MONTH we spice up life in this corner with a little variety—an assortment of hobbies.

SOMEONE has estimated that there are upward of 80,000 "hams"—amateur radio operators—in the world.

WILLIAM A. ROBINSON, a radio and automotive-accessories manufacturer and member of the Rotary Club of Newark, New Jersey, is one of them. Several weeks ago he was enjoying his usual evening "Q.S.O.ing" over station W2EYV



Rotarians G. Kirk and W. A. Robinson.

when he contacted GUILLERMO KIRK, a vegetable-oils manufacturer of San Lorenzo, Argentina.

"HAM" ROBINSON wasn't surprised to find that GUILLERMO is also a Rotarian, for he says, "Often I find during a conversation that the other chap is also a member."

After talking about their mutual hobby, they got down to their common interest in Rotary and discussed it long over the 8,000 miles of space between them.

Thinking of the many "hams" like themselves in Rotary, they decided that if something could be done to bring these Rotarians together, international understanding would be greatly facilitated.

It would be ideal, they reasoned, if there were amateur radio operators in every Rotary Club. Members could "listen in" on broadcasts, and benefit thereby. It would tend to increase knowledge and exchange of ideas between Clubs and between nations. At the same time the operator would be improving his hobby by acquiring more experience in his own field of interest.

"HAM" ROBINSON has contacted Rotarians living in Colombia, Venezuela, Germany, India, Great Britain, and Italy, and he is frequently in touch with G.I.'s stationed in far away points in Greenland and Labrador, relaying messages between them and their folks.

Many of the "hams" whom he has contacted over the air have had an occasion to visit his station. "In almost all cases," he reports, "through a pre-arranged schedule they were able to check on their families back home."

This works in reverse, too. Recently ROTARIAN ROBINSON and his wife were

visiting in Bermuda, and he was able to contact his home station through a Bermuda "ham" whom he had never previously met, but with whom he had carried on many a conversation.

Neighbors' bottles which somehow found their way into his back-yard trash used to worry RUSSELL VANDEVELDE, holder of the hardware classification in the Rotary Club of Dyersburg, Tennessee.

But those days are gone forever! In fact, he welcomes any stray bottles which come his way today. He has made a hobby of them.

Adept with a camel's hair brush, he dolls up the bottles so completely that their mothers would never know them—if bottles had mothers.

Taking bottles of all sizes and shapes, ROTARIAN VANDEVELDE paints pictures of various places and things of interest on them. Some of the bottles in his collection have scenes depicting interesting places which he and his wife, Mary, have visited.

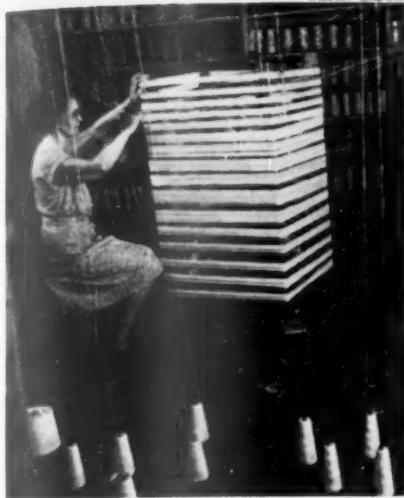
He has one set representing each month of the year; and one bottle he prizes highly he calls "The Rotary Bottle." It contains the signatures of practically every member of his Rotary Club.

When his wife's hobby of weaving developed into a profitable vocation, ROBERT N. CLARKE, a McAllen, Texas, Rotarian, gave up his own business of selling refrigeration units and insulation material to manage the business. At the same time he developed an active hobby of his own. He started building hand looms for his wife and other weavers.

ROTARIAN CLARKE's looms are designed



Rotarian Russell Vandevelde and his bottles—glorified by his paintbrush.



With spindles seemingly everywhere, Mrs. Clark works at one of her looms.

so that they can be carried through the average house door—a feat which cannot be accomplished with the usual commercially built loom.

* * *

There is no mystery about weather forecasting, but you can take the word of SAMUEL H. MILLER, a member of the Rotary Club of Mount Joy, Pennsylvania, for it, there is a lot of work involved.

Meetings of his Club are often lightened by his forecast. Without them fellow members would not know the best days on which to make sauerkraut, or to get married.

ROTARIAN MILLER recently retired after completing 41 years' service with the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company. His weather predictions, which have won him considerable local fame, date back only about nine years, however.

Like all modest prognosticators, ROTARIAN MILLER doesn't claim to be right all the time—just between 75 and 80 percent of the time. He claims, though, that anyone could predict the weather accurately all the time if he could just live long enough to learn what all the signs mean in relation to a particular community.

* * *

SIDNEY WOODMAN, a Sweetwater, Texas, Rotarian, has a bit of sage advice on the subject of hobbies.

"Nearly everyone has a hobby," he declares, "and in most cases it calls for a lot of expensive equipment, depends on the weather, is confined to a certain season, or has some other drawback."

ROTARIAN WOODMAN, who is a meat packer, points out that there is one hobby, however, which costs virtually nothing, and which can be enjoyed anytime, anywhere.

That hobby is *people*: men and women, boys and girls, friends and total strangers.

"Individually and collectively," he adds, "they do and say the most interesting, unique, odd, and normal things. Even when you are alone, you can enjoy meditating on what makes people tick."

What's Your Hobby?

Would your hobby interests interest others, and would you like to share them? If you are a Rotarian, or a member of a Rotarian's family, you can do that by dropping a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM. Then one of these months your name will appear in this column. You are requested, however, to acknowledge any correspondence which the listing brings your way.

Illustrated Magazines; Stamps: J. M. Ballego (22-year-old son of Rotarian—collects and exchanges magazines in different languages; also stamps), Hofbroukerlaan 20, Oegstgeest, The Netherlands.

Stamps: Norman Pease (15-year-old son of Rotarian—would like to exchange stamps with young people in the United States and abroad), 1196 Munro Ave., Columbus, Ga., U.S.A.

Stamps: Dr. E. L. Cornell (collects stamps of the world; would like to trade United States stamps with adults in other countries), 7245 Princeton Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Stamps: Ralph W. Sell, Jr. (16-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps), No. 2 Fushan Rd., Tsingtao, China.

Pen Pals: These persons have reported "pen pals" as their hobby interest:

Richard Obenshain (12-year-old son of Rotarian—would like to correspond with young people anywhere in the world), Blacksburg, Va., U.S.A.

Ginny Potter (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people living anywhere in the world; interested in swimming and singing), 1121 Charleston Ave., Mattoon, Ill., U.S.A.

Delores Wright (14-year-old sister of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls anywhere in the world; interested in politics, sports, coins, and pennants), 1 Lindworth Lane, St. Louis 17, Mo., U.S.A.

Carolyn Ruth Willard (14-year-old niece of Rotarian—wishes pen pals; interested in dancing and sports), 1903 Noble St., Houston, Tex., U.S.A.

Debby Huckins (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals aged 11-14 from other countries; collects stamps and shells, will exchange), 96 Grove St., Peterborough, N. H., U.S.A.

Robert M. Smith (16-year-old son of Rotarian—desires pen pals aged 15-19 from any place in the world, writes in English, some in French; interested in reading, especially history, geography, and travel; collects matchbook folders), 63 W. Main St., Chateaugay, N. Y., U.S.A.

Janet Smith (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls aged 12-15 all over the world; interested in soap figures, matchbook covers, and sports), 63 W. Main St., Chateaugay, N. Y., U.S.A.

Connie Gross (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals from all over the world), Box 135, Saline, Mich., U.S.A.

Tom W. Lambeth (13-year-old son of Rotarian—would like to form an international pen pal stamp club), Box 911, Statesville, N. C., U.S.A.

Lucille Moore (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals; interested in art, music, and sports), 809 N. Lightburne, Liberty, Mo., U.S.A.

Sharon Carter (8-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with girls of same age in U.S.A., England, or France; interested in swimming, skating, bicycling, baton twirling, and dancing), 614 H St., Centralia, Wash., U.S.A.

Anand C. Pande (20-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people in U.S.A., England, and Australia, or anywhere else in the world; interested in books and photography), 10 Park Rd., Allahabad, India.

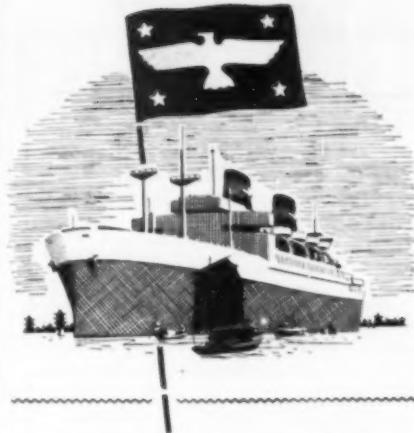
Lee Thompson (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls aged 16-18 in other countries; interested in outdoor sports), Rt. 3, Box 1252, Vista, Calif., U.S.A.

Ann Bullock (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people aged 16-18 in U.S.A., preferably in California; interested in ballroom dancing, swimming, dressmaking, and the ballet), 8 Grass St., Oriental Bay, Wellington, New Zealand.

Barbara Sell (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends), No. 2 Fushan Rd., Tsingtao, China.

Jo Ann Meek (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to have pen friends living in other countries; also collects picture postcards from U.S.A.), 910 College Ave., Maryville, Mo., U.S.A.

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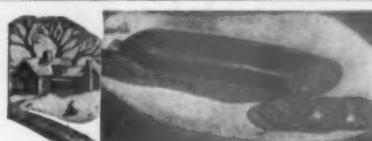
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Stripped Gears

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following favorite comes from John O'Shea, 1947-48 President of the Rotary Club of Cork, Eire.

We travelled in wagonettes in the old days, pair-horse or even four-horse drawn. Because of its moderate cost it came within the reach of young fellows out for an enjoyable day. One time on such a ride we were enjoying a harmless game of "forty-five."

A rug was placed over the knees of the travellers, who sat *visa-vis*. The rug became disarranged, and during its readjustment a fellow said it was like the cloak of Charity. On being asked why, he was silent—stumped, if you like. A gentle voice from the upper end was heard to say:

"Because it covers a multitude of shins."

Permanent

*Cooks may come and cooks may go,
 As I'm aware they do;
 The only permanent cook I know
 Is the one I'm married to.*

—PHILIP LAZARUS

Find That Clue!

All the following words contain the four letters "clue." Fill in the missing letters according to the definitions at the right.

1. C-l-u---e To compute.
2. --clu--e A hermit.
3. Clu---e A bunch.
4. --clu---e Shutting out.
5. C-lu-e Peace pipe of North American Indians.
6. C-l-u-e Tillage.
7. C-llu---e Consisting of small cells.
8. -c-l-u-e Art of carving stones.
9. C---lue--- An assembly.
10. C-l---ue An associate.

This puzzle was contributed by Melba Baehr, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

On the House

Housing now pushes the weather as a favorite topic of conversation. What do you know about these houses?

1. What famous Chicago house do you associate with the American social worker who was co-winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931?
2. In what house did the poet Sam Walter Foss prefer to live, according to his best-known poem?
3. What well-known American house did James Hoban design?

4. In whose house did the spies of Joshua hide from the king of Jericho?

5. The house belonging to the estate known as Federal Hill, near Bardstown, Kentucky, was immortalized by Stephen Foster in what song?

6. With what house do you associate "the maiden all forlorn"?

7. What mystery house, belonging to two hermit brothers, made newspaper headlines in April, 1947?

8. The Mansion House is the official residence of what very important English politician?

9. In what house did the fictional family, created by Hawthorne and answering to the name of Pyncheon, live?

10. What kind of a house gave its name to a choice cut of meat because it was originally served there?

This puzzle was contributed by Kennie MacDowd, of Denver, Colorado.

The answers to these puzzles will be found on the following page.

Lullaby

*For remembering the things
 You should have done,
 For reviewing tomorrow's tasks
 One by one,*

*For the wheels in your mind
 To revolve like mad,
 For a sequence of memories,
 All of them bad,*

*For recalling the words
 You should never have said—
 There's no time like midnight
 And no place like bed!*

—MAY RICHSTONE

Twice Told Tales

*A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
 him that hears it, never in the tongue
 of him that makes it. —Shakespeare.*

Wrong View

"I feel sure, my poor man," said the sympathetic old lady, visiting a State prison, "it was poverty that brought you to this."

"No, ma'am, quite the contrary," replied the prisoner. "I happened to be coining money." —*Savannah Rotary, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.*

More Important

"Your fiance is a charming man. He has a certain something."

"Yes, but I would rather he had something certain." —*The Catalina Islander.*

Request

While his mother was filling out the enrollment papers, the teacher described the kindergarten to Billy. She asked if he had any questions. "Yes," he whispered shyly. "Can I bring my

mother? She's never been alone before."—*Rotary News*, WESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

A Natural

Jackson and his wife were doing a little fly hunting about the house.

"How many have you caught?" she asked after a while.

"Six," replied her husband, "three males and three females."

"How absurd!" his wife sniffed. "How could you tell if they were males or females?"

"Easy, my dear," he retorted. "Three were on the sugar and three were on the mirror."—*The Good Felloe*, EAST MOLINE, ILLINOIS.

That'll Teach 'im!

Judge: "Hank, I have known you for many years. I am sorry that my first duty is to try you for being intoxicated. What was your reason, if any, for getting drunk?"

Offender: "To celebrate your election, your honor."—*The Catalina Islander*.

Woof-Woof

For the shaggy-dog-story connoisseurs, there's the one about the character who imagined that he saw a bear sitting a few rows ahead of him in the theater one night. He broached the matter to his wife, who shushed him impatiently, remarking that it was merely a woman with a fur coat. Unconvinced,

our man tiptoed up the aisle and, sure enough, it was a bear, watching the picture intently, one paw curved lovingly around the man in the next seat. Said the tiptoe: "Is that your bear?"

"Yes, it is," admitted the seated one.

"Why on earth did you bring it to the movies?"

Replied the bear's friend: "Oh, he was just fascinated by the book."—*Telephone Topics*.

New Look

May: "Isn't your husband wearing a new suit?"

Fay: "No."

May: "He looks different."

Fay: "He's a new husband."—*The Rotary Hub*, HORNELL, NEW YORK.

What'sa Hurry?

Husband: "Are you ready yet?"

Wife: "Stop nagging me! I told you an hour ago I would be ready in a few minutes."—*The Scandal Sheet*, GRAHAM, TEXAS.

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

9. The House of Seven Gables. 10. Poorer York City. 8. The Lord Mayor of London. Jack Built. 7. The Collyer House in New York. 6. The House that Old Kentucky Home. 5. My Old House. 4. House by the Side of the Road. 3. White House. 2. House of Jane Addams. 1. Hull House (Jane Addams). 7. Cellulose. 8. Sculpture. 9. Con- ture. 10. Colleague. 3. Gristers. 4. Exclusives. 5. Calumet. 6. Cui- bus. 7. Cullinan. 2. Reduse. FIND THAT GIVER: 1. Calumet. 2. Reduse.

Limerick Corner

There are lots of ways in which to relax after a hard day at the office, shop, or store, but why not consider this method? Take out your typewriter or reach for a pencil and write out the first four lines of a limerick, then send them to The Fixer, in care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. If he selects them to be the limerick-contest entry for the month, you will receive \$5. It's relaxing even to think about it!

* * *

Below is the unfinished-limerick contest winner for this month—from Ford Cullis, a member of the Rotary Club of Bryan, Ohio. Before you put this magazine down, write out a last line to finish Rotarian Cullis' incomplete limerick and send it to The Fixer (send more than one line if you wish). If yours is selected among the "ten best," you will receive \$2. The deadline for entries is November 24.

BEAUX . . . WOES

Though Mary had boy friends galore,
She always was looking for more.
This obsession for beaux
Turned her joys into woes,

LATE NEWS

An inquisitive mind is an asset, 'tis said, but young McMann, whose check-up system on a firecracker was announced in this corner of *The Rotarian* for July, might not agree. Recall the young man McMann? In case you don't, here's the unfinished limerick about him:

One Fourth, a young lad named McMann
Put a firecracker under a can,
But he peeked just a bit
To be sure it was lit.

From the long list of reader-contributed last lines, The Fixer has chosen the following as the "ten best":

(Now, he sleeps with his ancestral clan.)
(Mrs. W. R. Martin, mother of a Rotarian, Electra, Texas.)

And that scan changed the plan of his
"pan."

(E. A. Freeman, Pasadena, California.)

And then, "holy smoke," how he ran!

(L. Newton Hayes, member of the Rotary Club of Plattsburgh, New York.)

Then his pa on such things placed a ban.

(Harold Soar, member of the Rotary Club of Nottingham, England.)

And now he is called One-Eyed Dan.

(Ernest Hesse, member of the Rotary Club of Yonkers, New York.)

Well, it wasn't. Beat that if you can.

(B. H. Skahill, member of the Rotary Club of Elkader, Iowa.)

"It was"—so the death notice ran.

(Hugh W. Stewart, member of the Rotary Club of Chatham, Ontario, Canada.)

On the fifth his harp lessons began.

(Claude J. Herstier, member of the Rotary Club of Columbia City, Indiana.)

(That's one way to get a good tan.)

(Mrs. Paul Favor, wife of a New Bedford, Massachusetts, Rotarian.)

For pants, he needs Sally Rand's fan.

(F. L. Monger, member of the Rotary Club of Pawhuska, Oklahoma.)

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Last Page Comment

TEN YEARS AGO on the 23d day of September they buried the Time Capsule 50 feet below the site of New York's World's Fair. An "all-but-indestructible bullet-shaped metal crypt," the 7-foot capsule was loaded with hundreds of contemporary articles—a slide rule, a woman's hat, books in microfilm, a can opener, a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, a pack of cigarettes. It was to be a message to the people of the 70th Century, you recall. And it probably occurred to a lot of men at the time that that certainly was the place to put a woman's hat.

IT STRUCK US on August 6, 1945, that the stuff in the Time Capsule had aged four or five centuries overnight. There was no prophecy in it, so far as we know, of an atomic bomb. The point we're coming to is that this isn't the world it was ten or even just four years ago. We may not see it or feel it, but we are in a new age. Some think it's so new that the United Nations, which was born just a few weeks before the world heard of the bomb, is already outmoded. The U. N. has, certainly, had its disappointments, many of them. But it has also a goodly string of achievements among which many would not rank as least significant the prevention of a World War III flaring in Palestine.

TRYGVE LIE, you will recall, talked plainly in his article last month. Looking at the United Nations from his desk at Lake Success, he put it simply that we'll have the sort of United Nations we—the nations—*really* want. And therein lies the answer to the ominous question General McNaughton raises as he tells how men thus far have failed to agree on a plan to turn atomic power to peace.

TAKE A LOOK, we suggest, at the young men pictured on pages 32 and 33. They're your boys, in a good Rotary sense, because Rotarians of

the world who've contributed to the Rotary Foundation have made possible the great experience that lies ahead for them.

It's having a year of professional training in a university abroad—and more. It's more because these boys will have opportunity to see the inside of homes and shops and offices in lands of their temporary adoption as can

No. 2... Little Stories of Service above Self

Little Aunt Mollie, 85 and stone deaf, decided to see her favorite niece graduate from high school. Taking a train from Houston, Texas, to Illinois, she reached the hall just in time to join a long line waiting with tickets in their hands. "I came a long way for this," she confided happily to the couple ahead of her. "No one knows I am here. Won't they be surprised?"

The man and his wife exchanged glances. "No ticket," they decided. "With this mob they will never let her in." The man handed his wife their two tickets and stepped out of line.

"See that she gets in, dear," he said. "Maybe I can see our boy graduate from college."

—Contributed by Helen B. Adams, Wapella, Illinois

few other "foreign" students. Rotary Clubs and individual Rotarians will see to that. One by-product will be a broadened understanding of alien people and their problems. Because these Fellows are selected for potentialities of leadership, this by-product may be far more important to the world in years to come than the tucking of facts into the heads of these young men.

SPEAKING OF FELLOWS, let's reserve an orchid for the hard-working men who've made these Fellowships possible. We refer to the hundreds of Rotarians, starting with Past President Arch Klumph running down through last year's Committee led by Harry Rogers and Garland Powell, who have filled the Foundation's till. Including the \$375,000 transferred from Rotary surplus, the

Foundation has received a grand total in contributions of a bit over two million dollars!

Some 1,500 Clubs have given an average of \$10 or more per member, putting them in the "one hundred percent" class. Other Clubs have plans that will bring them into that group this year. While the aggressive campaign is now finished, contributions will continue for years through direct gifts and bequests.

Thus does a great dream—one which many have shared—come to be a living thing.

PIQUANT IS A WORD

that critics would not apply to Rotary. But it comes to mind as we visit Clubs in different lands. Rotary, wherever you find it, possesses recognizable common denominators derived from the Four Objects, the Standard Club Constitution, and other official documents. But out and beyond these are the little differences that reflect local, regional, or national customs which give palatable flavor—or piquancy, if you will—to Club meetings.

In Britain and the Dominions, for example, you'll find the President commonly wearing on a ribbon or chain about his neck the "badge" of his office—a custom borrowed from the Lord Mayor. In Brazil, meetings open with a ceremony at which the Brazilian flag is pulled to the top of a small flagpole—usually by a guest of honor; meetings close when it is lowered. We know of several other little differentiating customs that have grown up around the Rotary world—but perhaps not the one you have observed. Won't you write and tell us about it?

THE TEACHER

can learn from the student. E. F. ("Pete") Harris, of Shanghai, China, recalls the day he first met with 20 boys and girls he had volunteered to teach in a Japanese internment camp. Ten of them were British, ten American. "I am glad to see you are equally divided," he remarked. At which a little miss popped up and said: "Not equally divided, Mr. Harris. Equally united!"

-your editor

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